

NO 22 FEB.-MAR.

The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

S.O.S!
S.O.S!

DEPT.
OF STREETS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

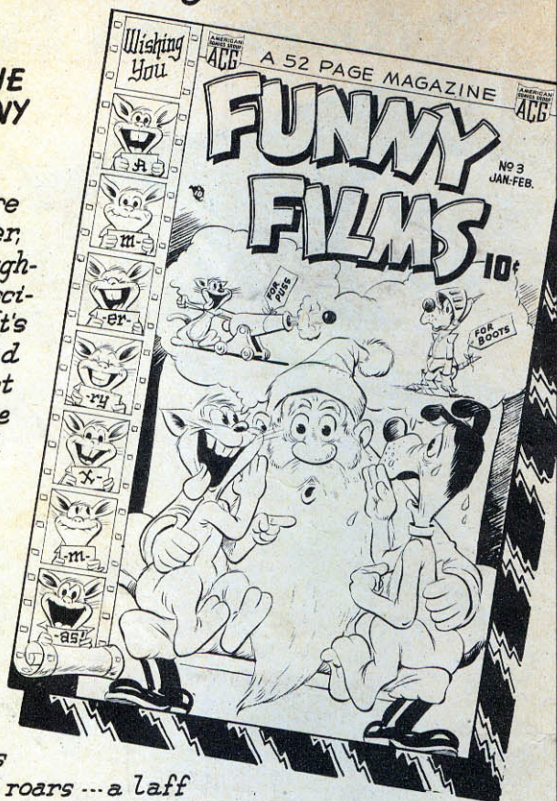
Announcing SOMETHING NEW.. SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

9½ FUNNY FILMS ...THE
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons...now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!

FUNNY FILMS features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars ... a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics... **WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**

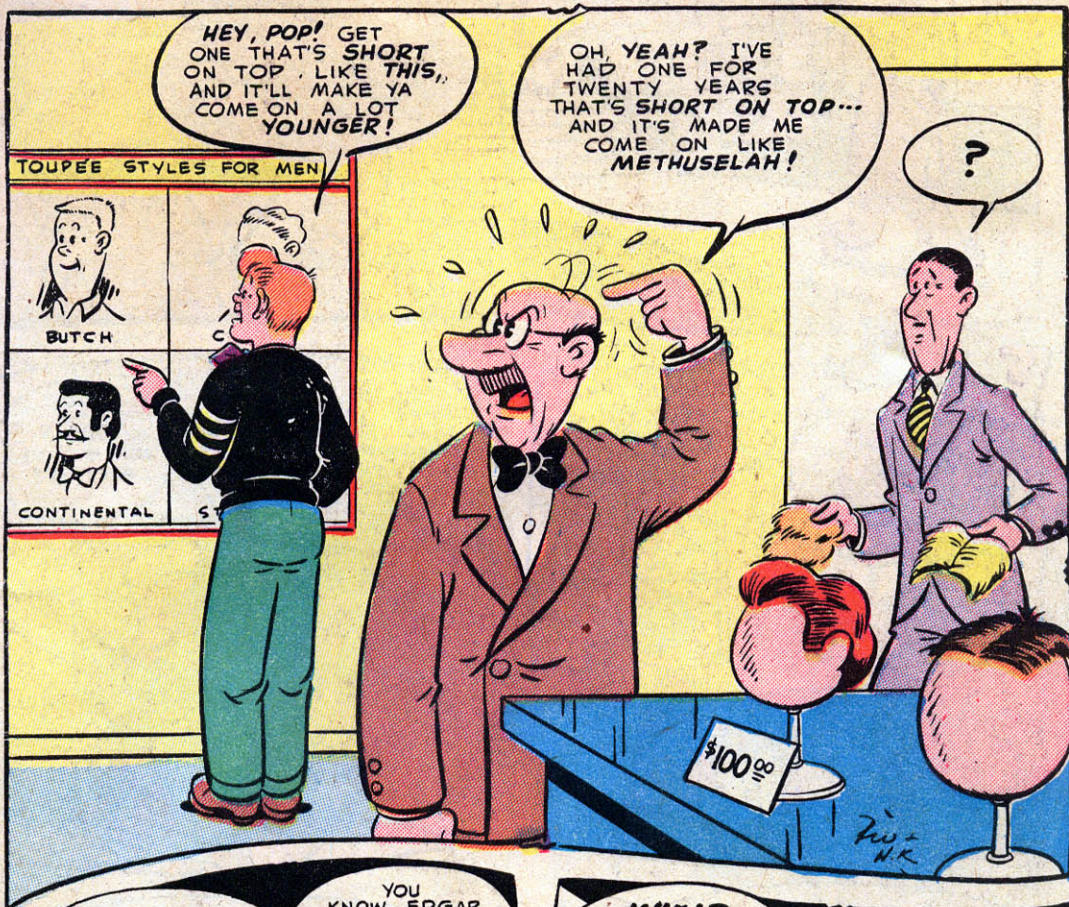


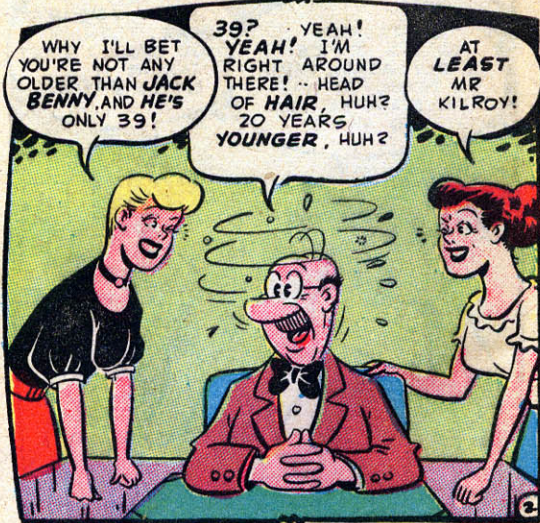
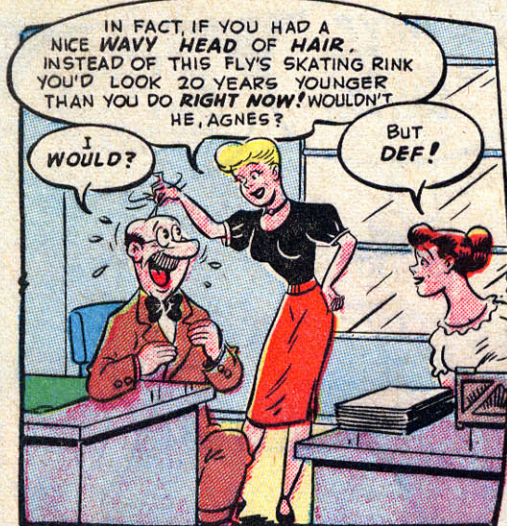
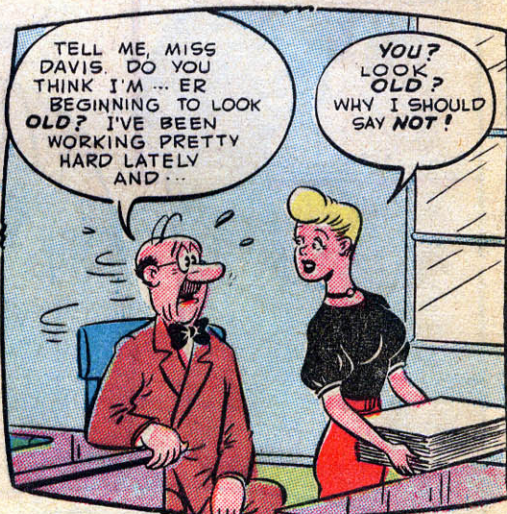
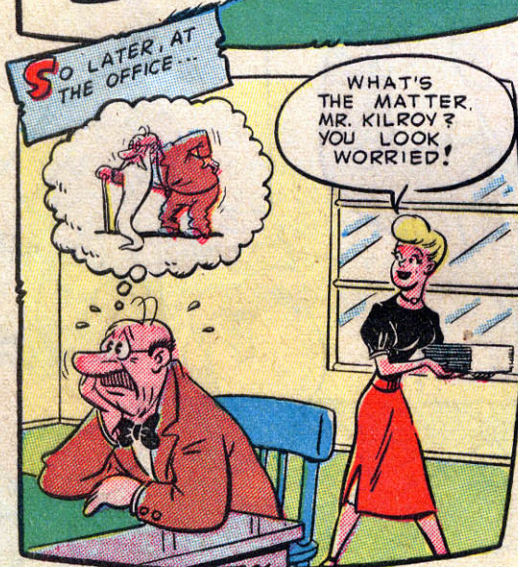
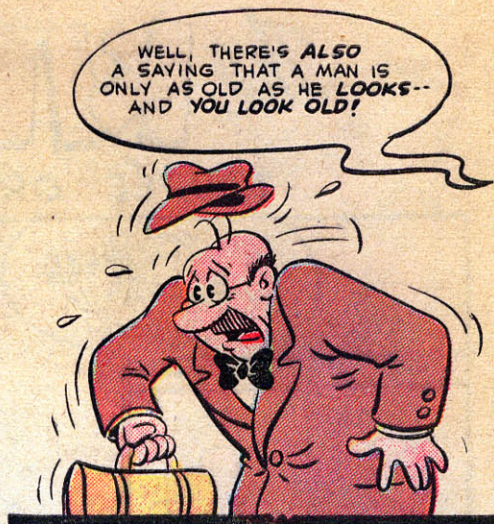
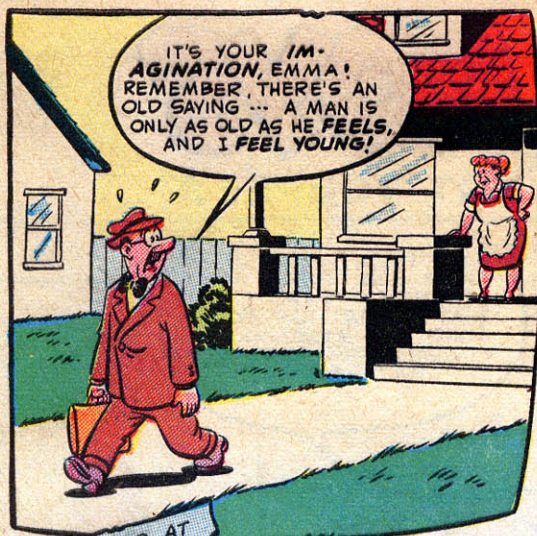
They're
all in... **FUNNY
FILMS**

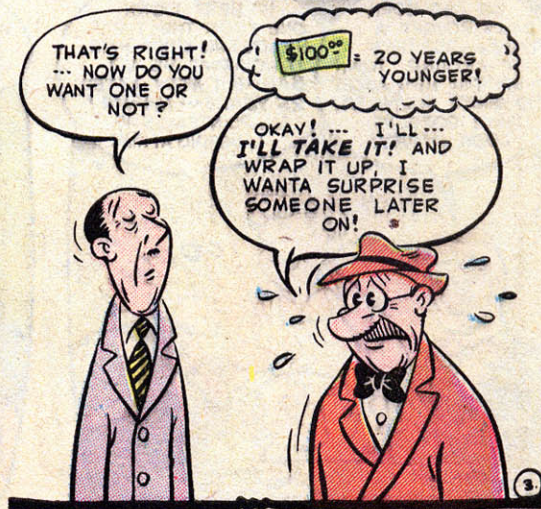
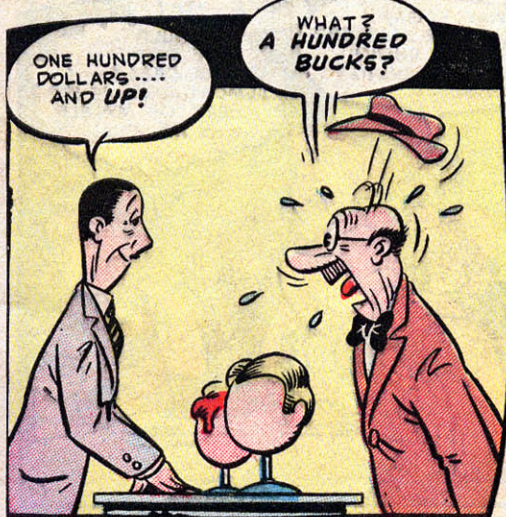
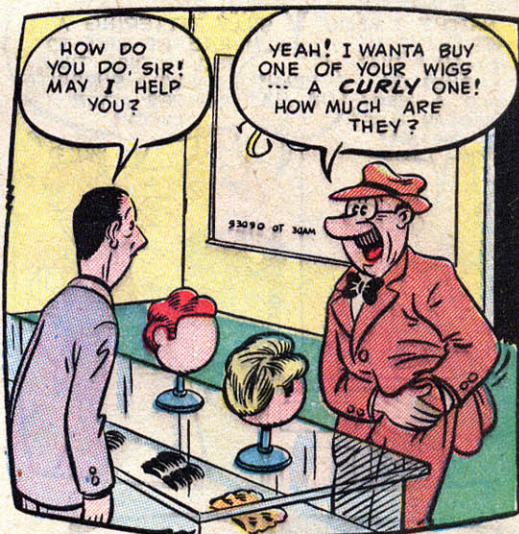
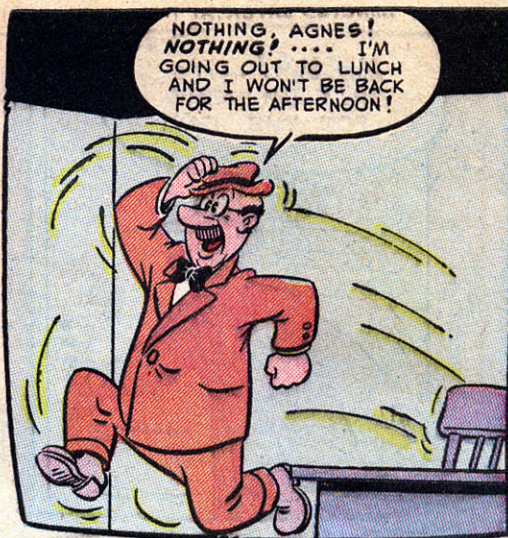
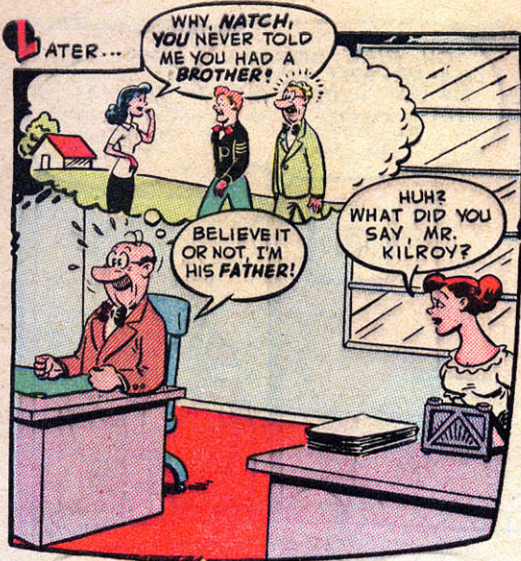
10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

The KILROYS

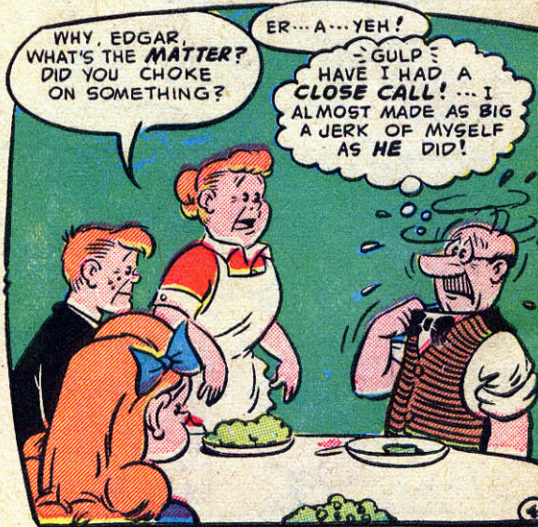
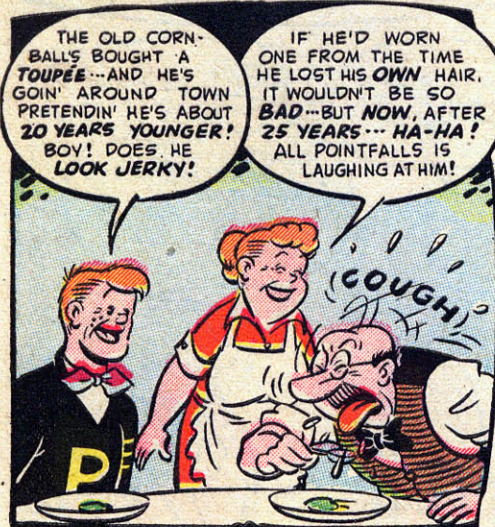
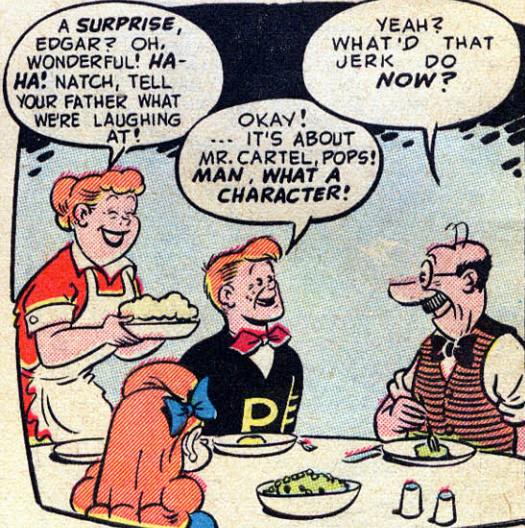
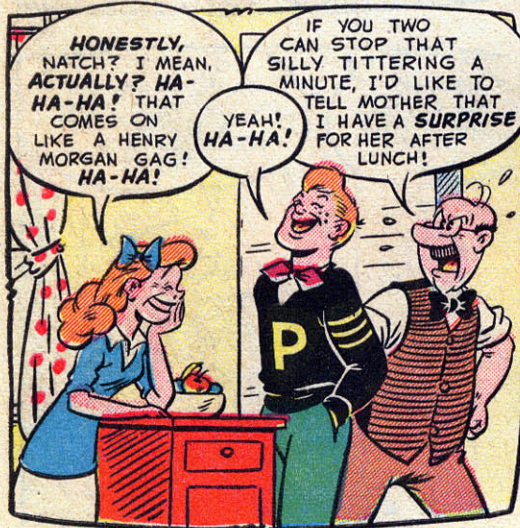
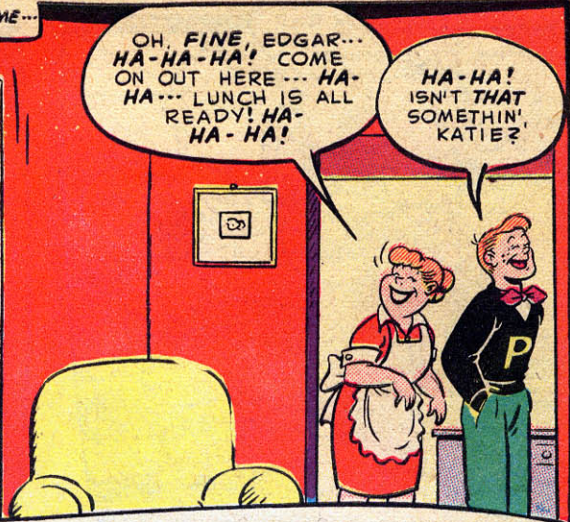
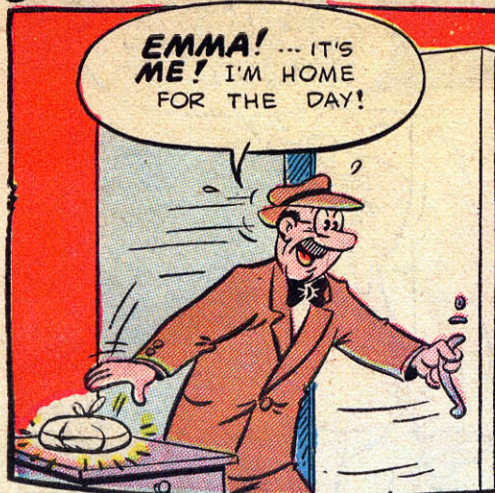
"TOUPÉE OR NOT TOUPÉE!"

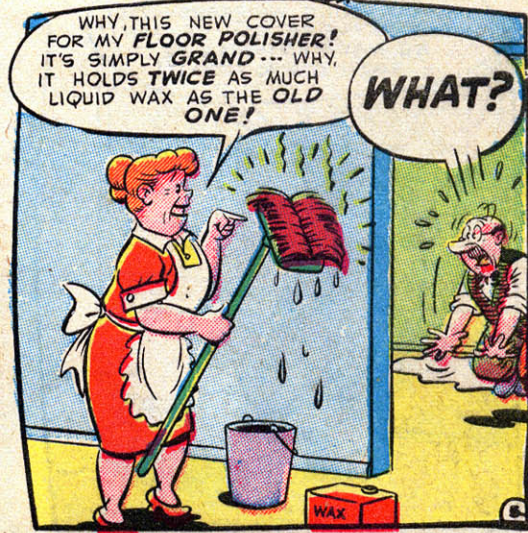
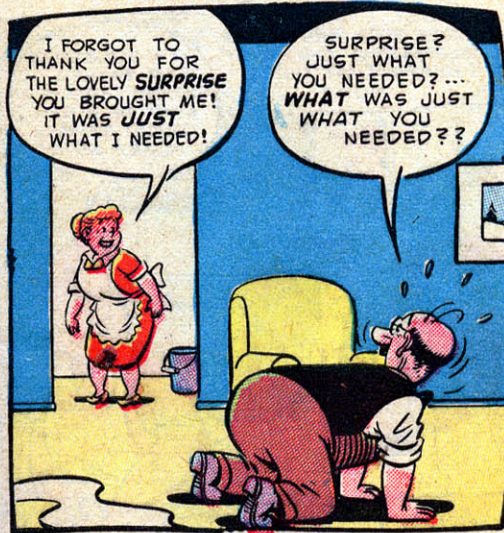
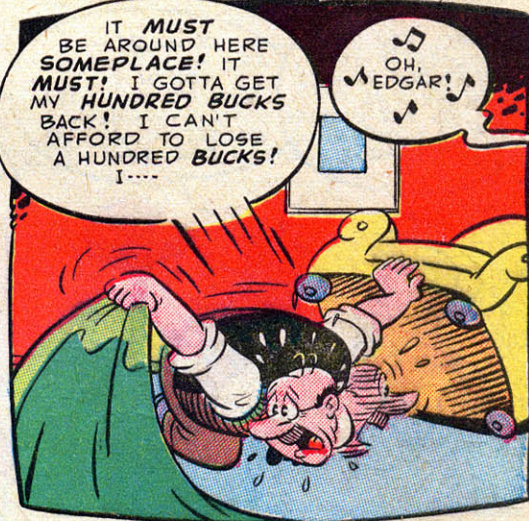
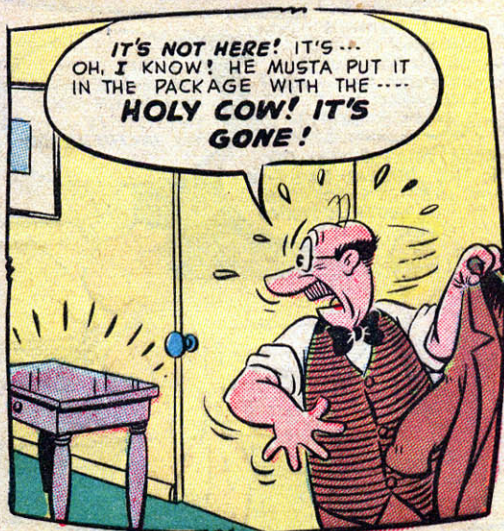
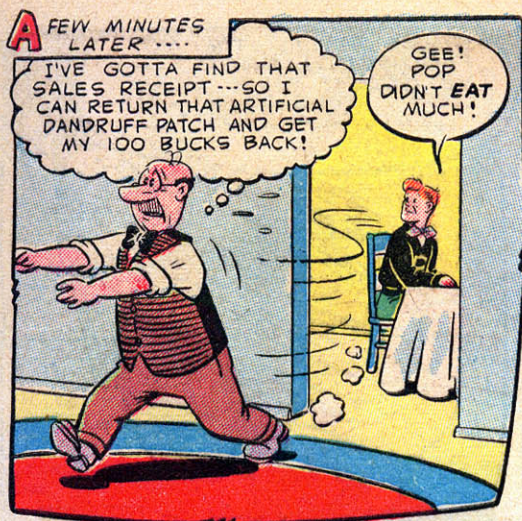


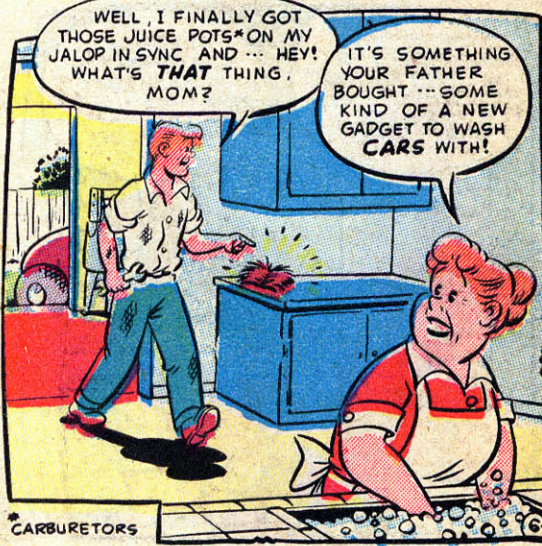
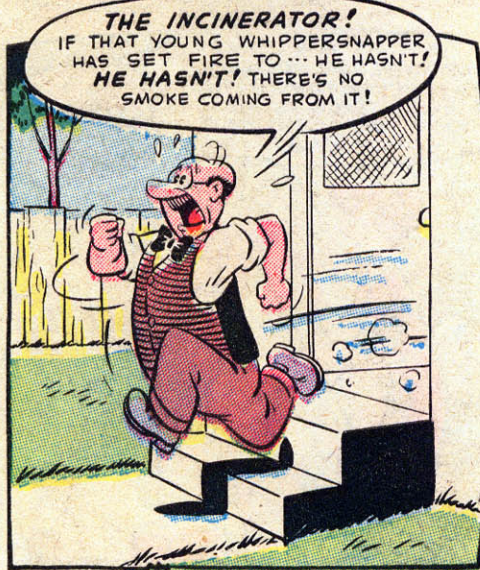
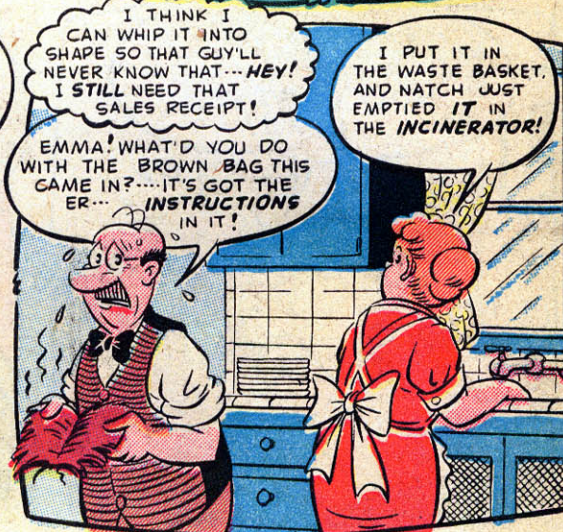
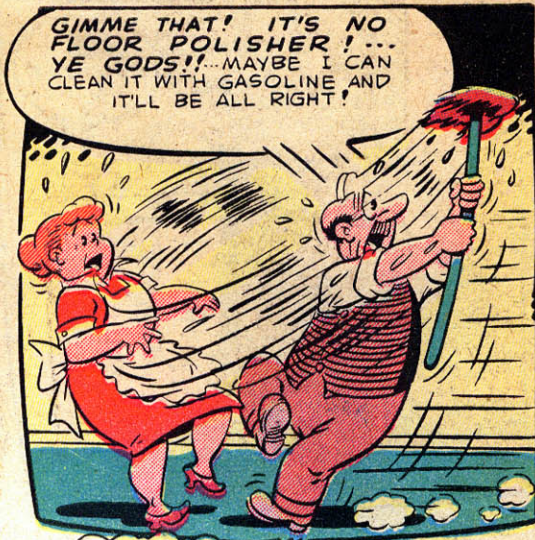
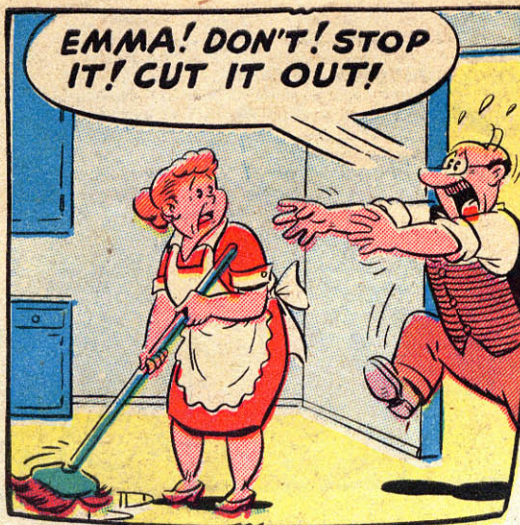




SO A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE KILROY HOME...





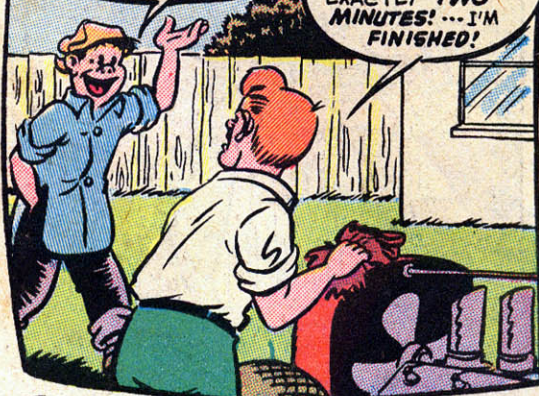


HEY, KEEN, HEY!
MY JALOPY OUGHTA GET
A BIG CHARGE OUTA THIS
THING! ... MIGHT AS
WELL GIVE IT A BATH
RIGHT NOW -- IT SURE
NEEDS IT!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T
THE ROY ROGERS OF
ROUTE 66, WASTIN' A
WHOLE AFTERNOON GIVIN'
HIS GASOLINE STEED A
SATURDAY-NIGHTER!

WHO'S
WASTING AN
AFTERNOON?
... WITH THIS
NEW WASHING
MITT MY POP
BOUGHT ME,
EXACTLY TWO
MINUTES! ... I'M
FINISHED!



MEANWHILE...

YEOW-CH!
DOGGONE THAT KID!
I'VE TOLD 'IM A HUNDRED
TIMES NOT TO PUT TIN
CANS IN THIS INCIN-
ERATOR!



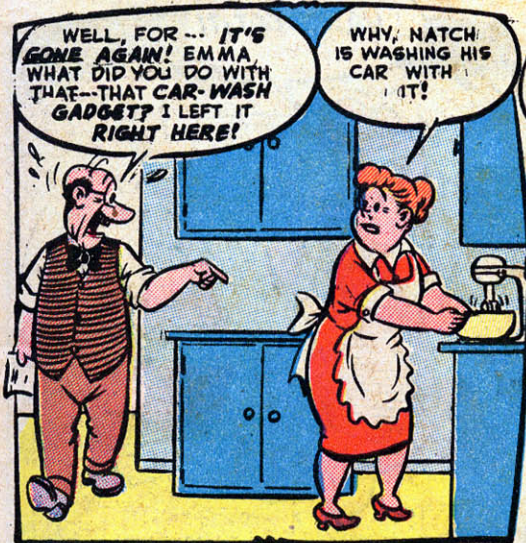
FINALLY...

I FOUND IT!! I
FOUND IT!!
NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS
DE-WAX THAT WIG AND
GET MY 100 BUCKS!



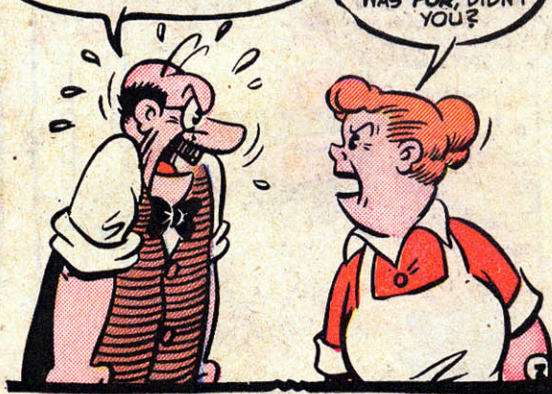
WELL, FOR -- IT'S
GONE AGAIN! EMMA,
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH
THAT-- THAT CAR-WASH
GADGET? I LEFT IT
RIGHT HERE!

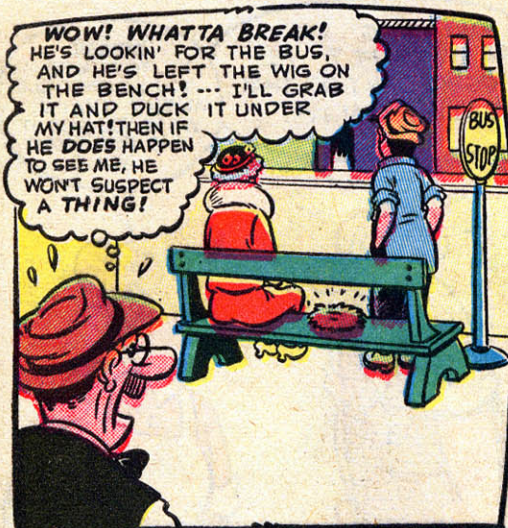
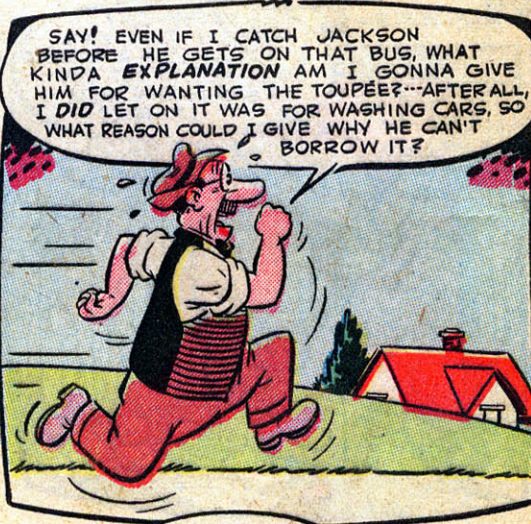
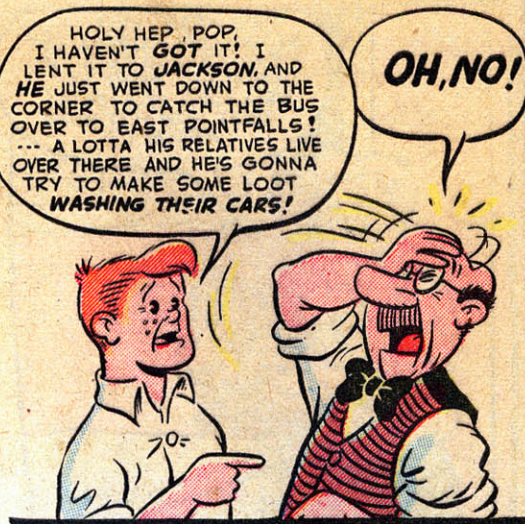
WHY, NATCH
IS WASHING HIS
CAR WITH
IT!

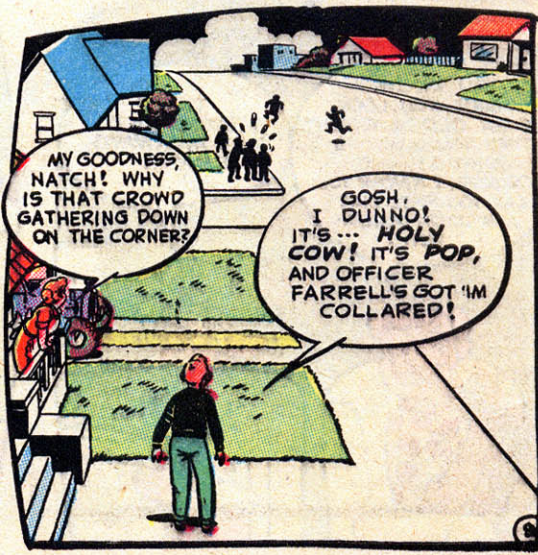
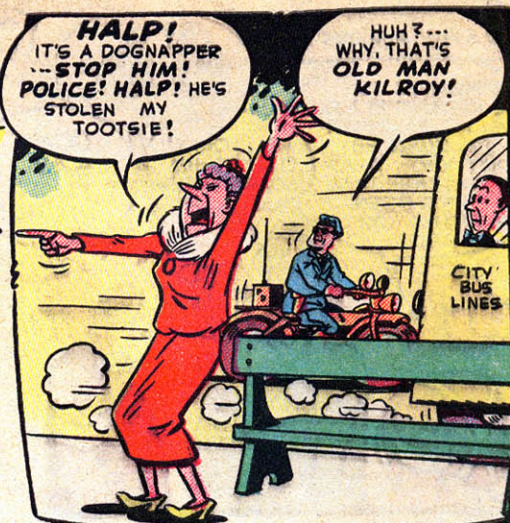
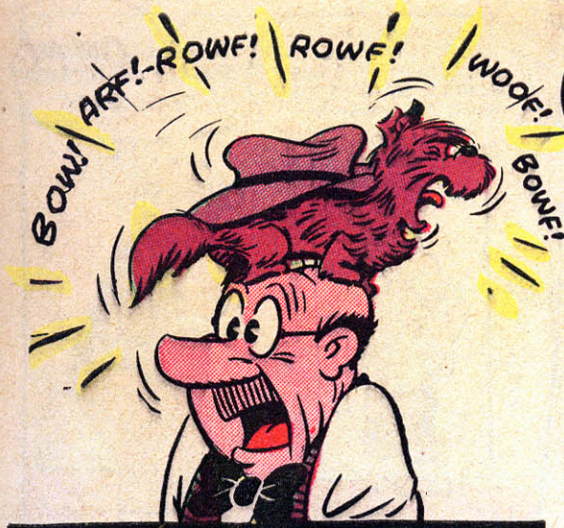


WASHING HIS
CAR WITH IT? YE
GODS! HE CAN'T DO THAT--
IT'LL RUIN IT!

EDGAR
KILROY, ARE
YOU LOSING YOUR
MIND? THAT'S
WHAT YOU SAID IT
WAS FOR, DIDN'T
YOU?







SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I PROMISE TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM. MR. FARRELL! ... I'M SURE HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! YOU SEE, HE'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!

GEE WHIZ, POP! YOU MUSTA FLIPPED YOUR WIG!

WELL, OKAY! I'LL LET HIM GO, MRS. KILROY!

DON'T SAY THAT WORD!

THAT EVENING...

LO, MISTER KILROY, IT'S ME. JACKSON! ... I JUST DROPPED BY TO RETURN YOUR CAR-WASHIN' MITT!

THANK GOODNESS! GIMME IT, JACKSON ... GIMME IT!

OKAY, BUT FIRST I WANTA SAY THAT IF YOU PAID OVER 50 CENTS FOR IT, YOU GOT STUNG! ... I ONLY WASHED 4 CARS, AND THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF IT!

BUT AS LONG AS I'M THE ONE THAT WORE IT OUT, I WANTA PAY FOR IT! ... SO HERE'S 50 CENTS!

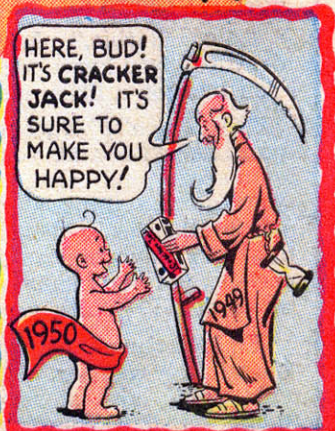
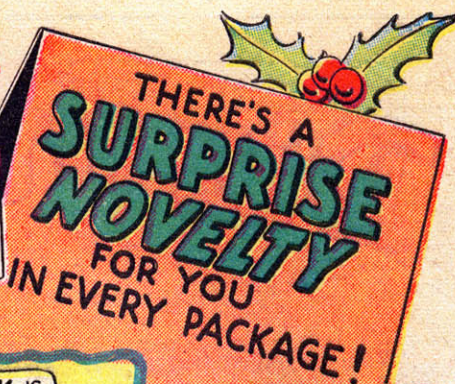
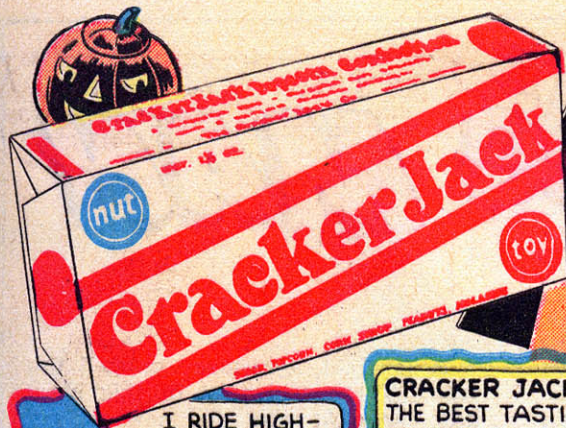
STILL LATER THAT EVENING...

YOU KNOW, EDGAR, YOU LOOK EVEN OLDER TONIGHT THAN YOU DID THIS MORNING! ... OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU SAY YOU FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS, BUT...

THAT'S WHAT I SAID THIS MORNING, EMMA!

RIGHT NOW, I FEEL LIKE MINUS A HUNDRED BUCKS!

?



For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
..REGULARLY..

Read **AMERICAN!**

Divine MAN

"You. . .you're *impossible!*" Barbie cried. "You're a. . .a. . .pest!"

"Aw, Barbie," her brother Ed drawled, "you know you don't mean it! You like me a little, don't you?"

"No, I don't!" Barbie sounded quite positive. "Look at you, in those old dungarees and that torn sweater! How do you think a girl feels when her brother is so disgraceful-looking? It's very important to a girl that the members of her family be as *attractive* as possible! Which you're *not!*"

Ed kept on smiling, which made Barbie all the angrier. "Oh, you!" she said again and stormed out of the house to find consolation with her friend Essie.

Her nerves began to relax with the first sip of her black-and-white soda. Essie was having a coke and listening sympathetically to Barbie's tale of woe.

"You should worry about Ed," she reassured Barbie. "Even if he *is* a social handicap, you don't have to suffer! You can always *hide him* or something! What I always say is. . ."

Barbie held up her hand for silence. "Listen!" she whispered.

From the next booth, came the sounds of girls talking, chatter-sounds and giggle-sounds and long-drawn-out sighs. "I tell you, he's *divine!*" one voice, louder than the rest, was holding forth. "He's so cute-looking and so smart!"

"I should say he *is!*" another voice chimed in emphatic agreement. "He's just about the smoothest man in town!"

"And his friends are cute, too!" a third voice added. "I'd love to get into that crowd, wouldn't you?"

A gush of agreement greeted this idea. There was a lot of talk about how clever *he* was, and how well *he* danced, and what fun *he* was on a date.

Barbie, fascinated by the conversation in the next booth, raised her eyebrows inquiringly as she looked at Essie. That meant, "Who is he?"

Essie shrugged her shoulders in reply and smiled. That meant, "I don't know, but I sure would like to!"

"Oh, well!" Barbie said out loud. "Might as well go. I've got homework." As she started to rise, one of the girls in the next booth answered her unspoken question. It startled Barbie very much.

"I'd give anything to meet Eddie March!" she said.

Barbie could not help herself. It was what the bio teacher called a reflex. "That's *my brother!*" she wailed.

All the way home, she kept repeating this to Essie. "My own *brother*, a divine man!" she said. "Imagine!"

"And his *friends* are cute, too!" Essie added meaningfully.

It was a repentant Barbie who came home and knocked respectfully at Eddie's door. "Got over your mad?" he asked her.

"Yes, Eddie," she said, "and. . .and I want to tell you that I'm very sorry for all the mean things I said. On mature reflection, I've decided that you may be quite an *asset*. . .for a brother, I mean!" Here, she kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Eddie March.

Natch and Jackson

"A TALL STORY"

I SURE
DON'T KNOW
WHY YA **TOOK**
THIS JOB, JACKSON!
IT'LL NEVER GET
YA ANYTHING!

OH, NO?

CORNER
CAFE
HIGH
QUALITY!
LOW
PRICES!

HARDWARE

- H.K. Bell -

HEY, NATCH, LOOKIT!
HERE COMES THAT BUNCHA
SLICK CHICKS FROM
PONTO CITY!... THEY'RE
OVER HERE FOR THE
STATE HIGH SCHOOL
MUSIC CONTEST!

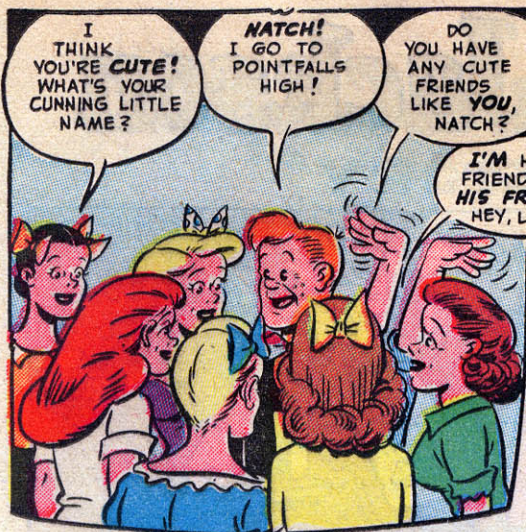
WOO-
WOO!

HIYA, PRETTY GIRLS!
HERE I AM... YOUR SECRET
PASH, JACKSON!

TAKE IT
EASY, WOLE-MAN!
YOU'LL SCARE 'EM
AWAY!

VOG
SODA
15¢

WELL,
HEL-LO!

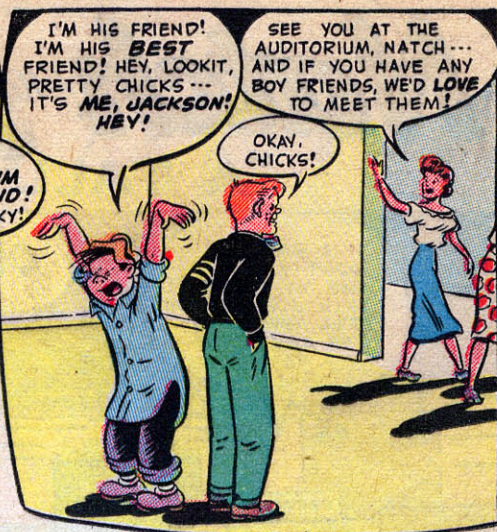


I THINK YOU'RE **CUTE!** WHAT'S YOUR CUNNING LITTLE NAME?

NATCH! I GO TO POINTFALLS HIGH!

DO YOU HAVE ANY CUTE FRIENDS LIKE **YOU**, **NATCH?**

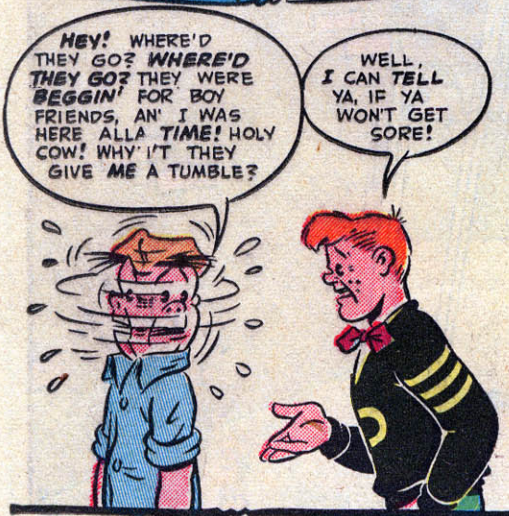
I'M HIS FRIEND! I'M HIS FRIEND! HEY, LOOKY!



I'M HIS FRIEND! I'M HIS BEST FRIEND! HEY, LOOKIT, PRETTY CHICKS... IT'S **ME, JACKSON!** HEY!

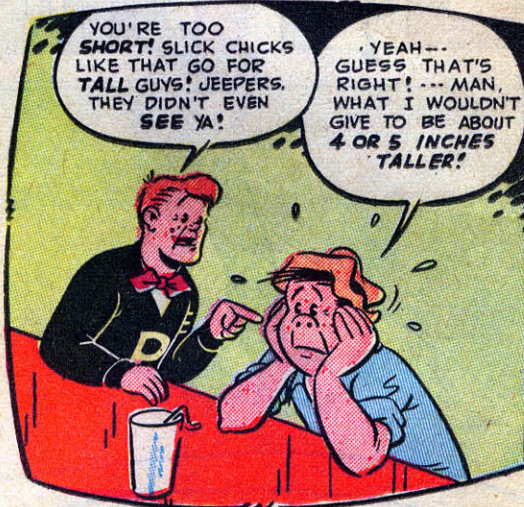
SEE YOU AT THE AUDITORIUM, NATCH... AND IF YOU HAVE ANY BOY FRIENDS, WE'D LOVE TO MEET THEM!

OKAY, CHICKS!



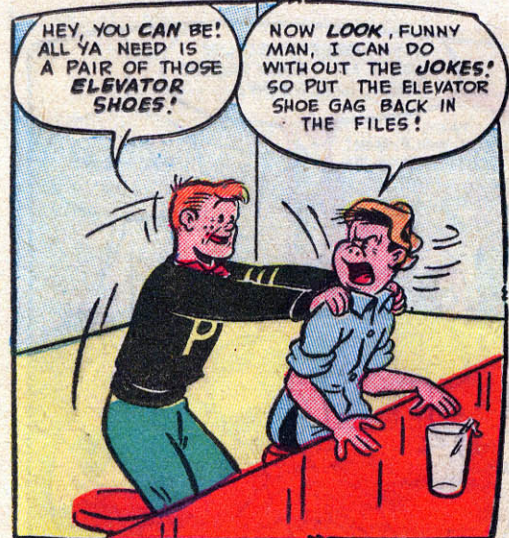
HEY! WHERE'D THEY GO? WHERE'D THEY GO? THEY WERE BEGGIN' FOR BOY FRIENDS, AN' I WAS HERE ALL TIME! HOLY COW! WHY I'T THEY GIVE ME A TUMBLE?

WELL, I CAN TELL YA, IF YA WON'T GET SORE!



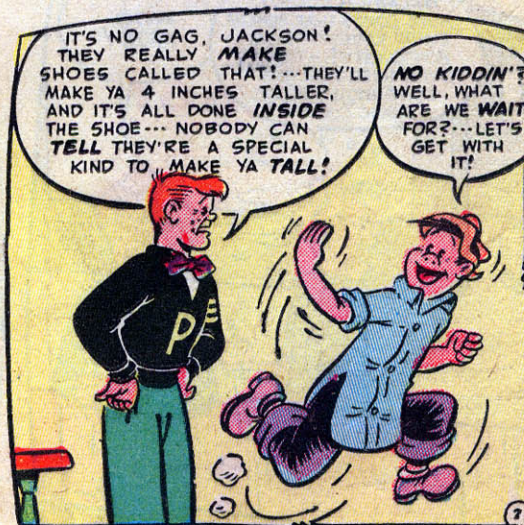
YOU'RE TOO SHORT! SLICK CHICKS LIKE THAT GO FOR TALL GUYS! JEEPERS. THEY DIDN'T EVEN SEE YA!

YEAH... GUESS THAT'S RIGHT! ... MAN, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE ABOUT 4 OR 5 INCHES TALLER!



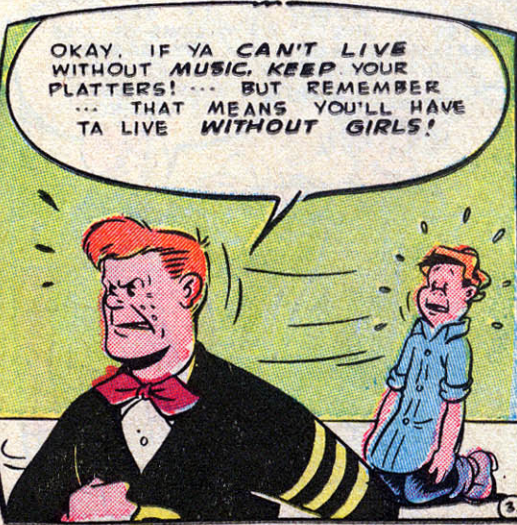
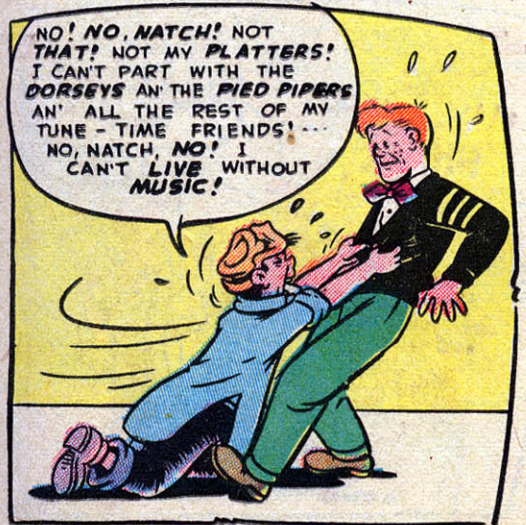
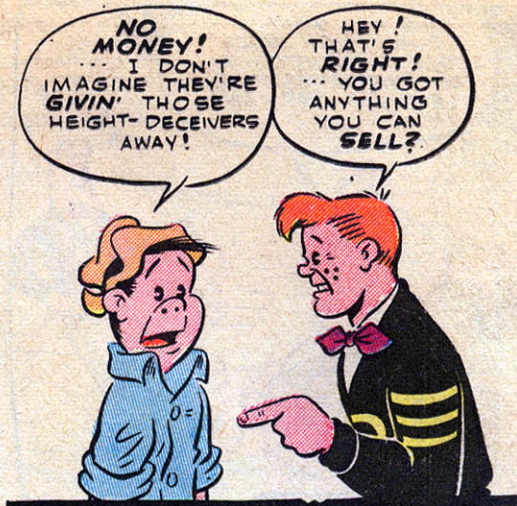
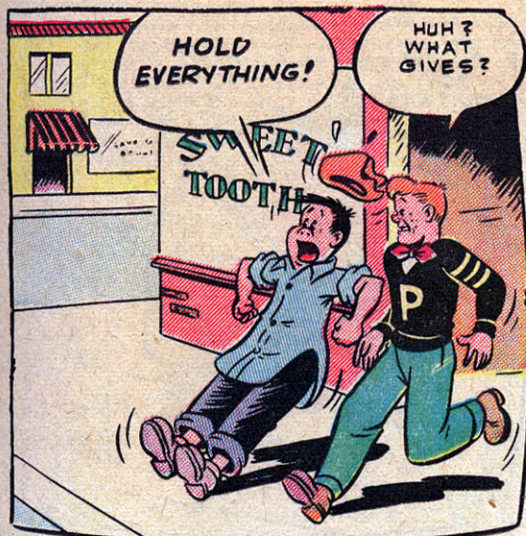
HEY, YOU CAN BE! ALL YA NEED IS A PAIR OF THOSE ELEVATOR SHOES!

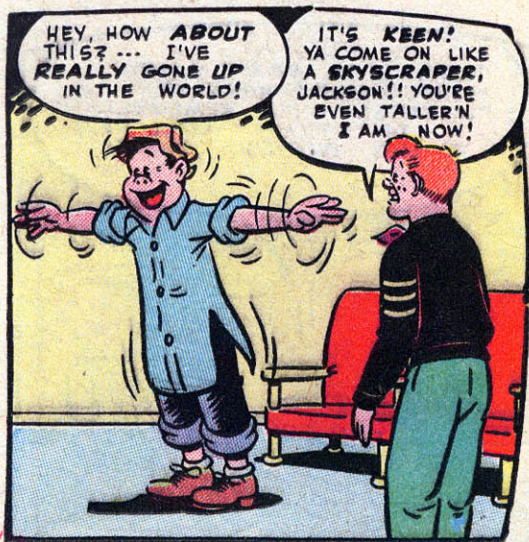
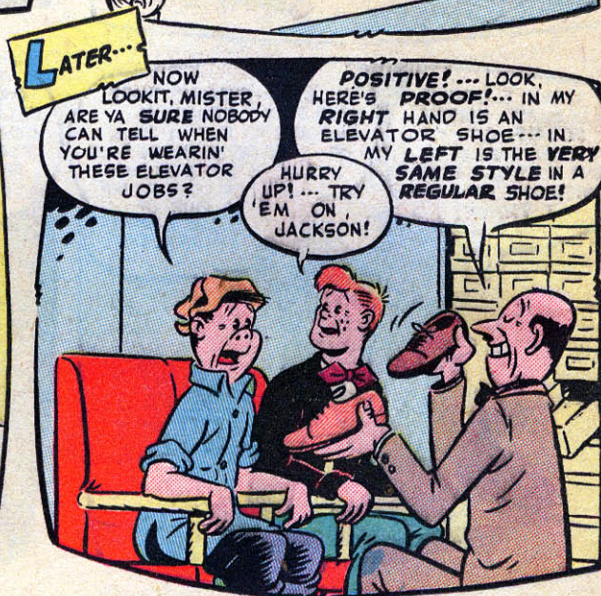
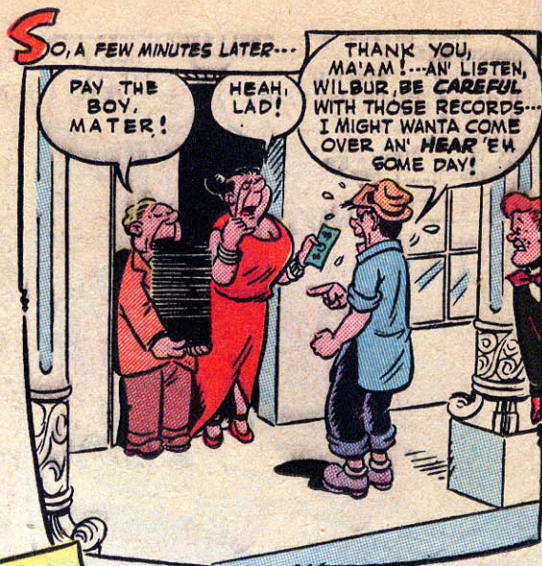
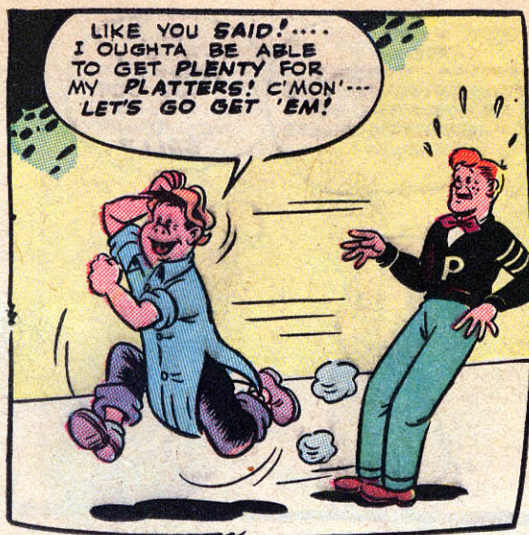
NOW LOOK, FUNNY MAN, I CAN DO WITHOUT THE JOKES! SO PUT THE ELEVATOR SHOE GAG BACK IN THE FILES!



IT'S NO GAG, JACKSON! THEY REALLY MAKE SHOES CALLED THAT!...THEY'LL MAKE YA 4 INCHES TALLER, AND IT'S ALL DONE INSIDE THE SHOE... NOBODY CAN TELL THEY'RE A SPECIAL KIND TO, MAKE YA TALL!

NO KIDDIN'? WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?...LET'S GET WITH IT!

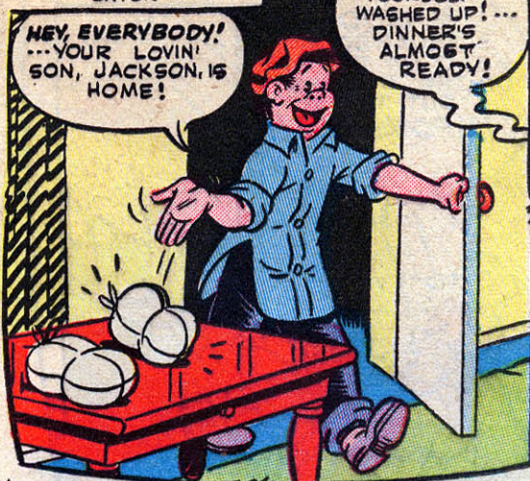




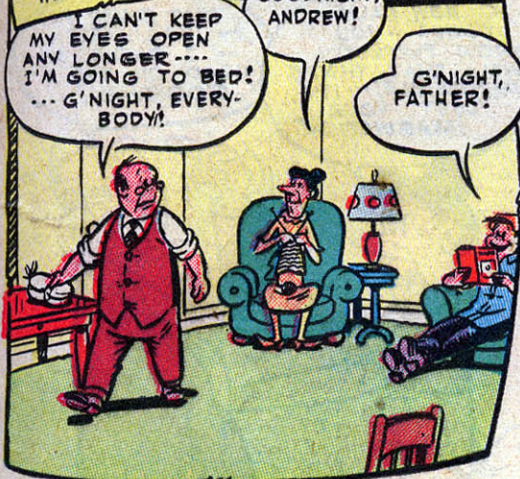
MEANWHILE, AT JACKSON'S HOME...



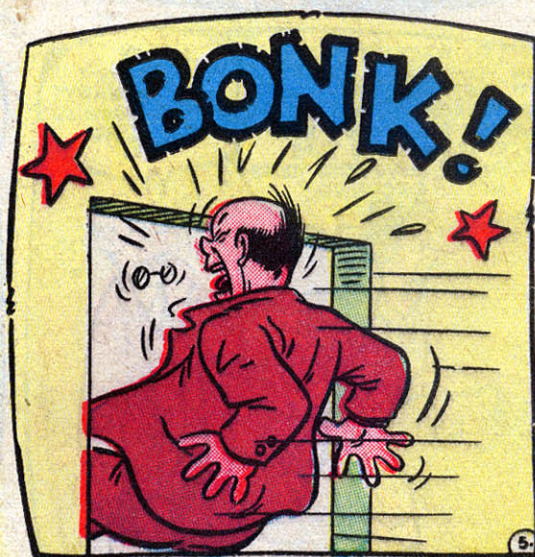
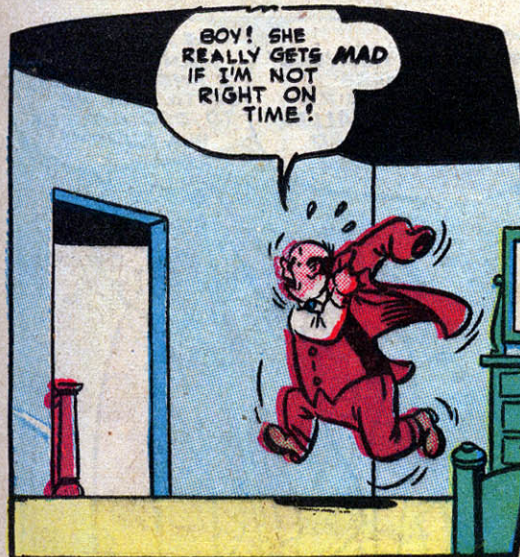
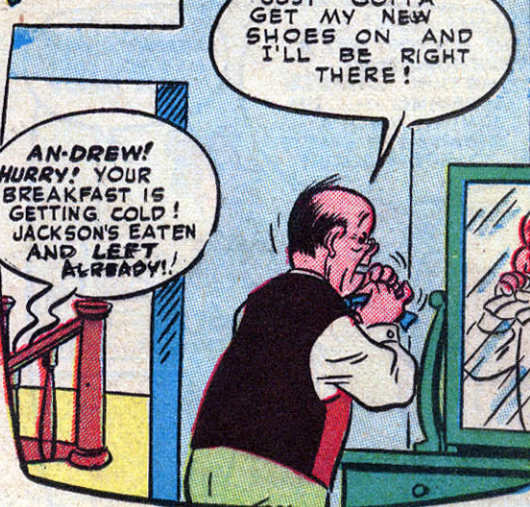
ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER...

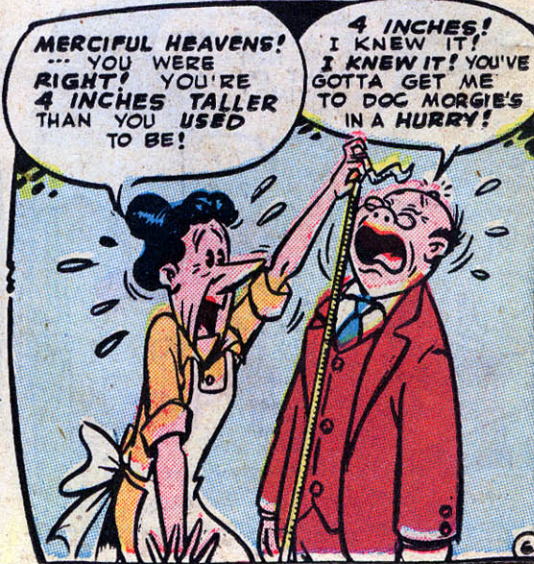
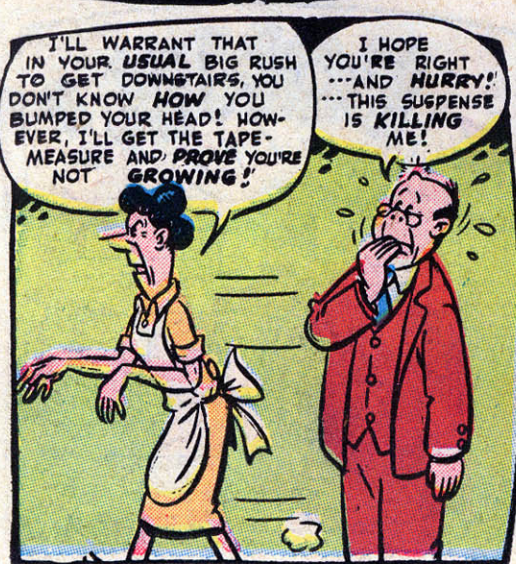
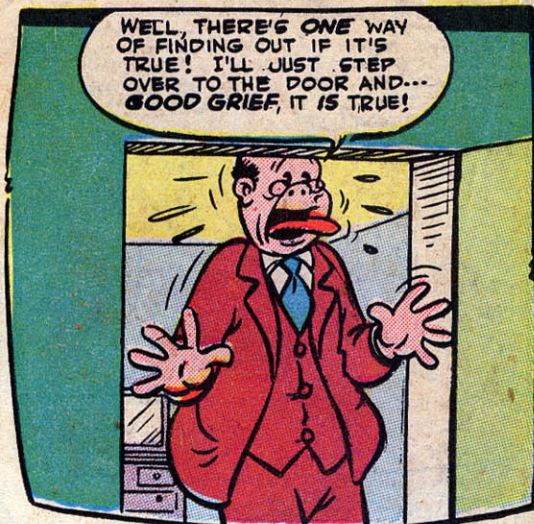
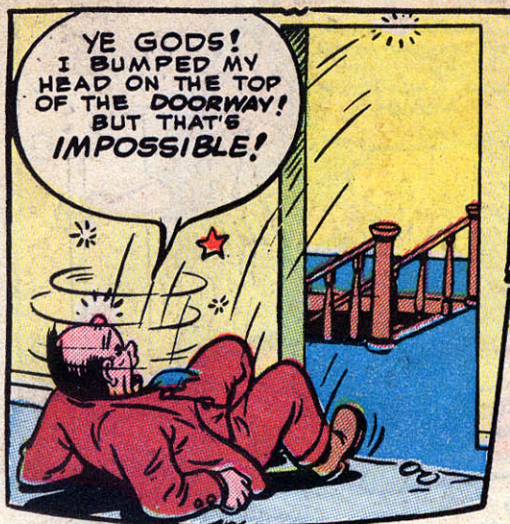


AND THEN, LATER THAT EVENING...



NEXT A.M.





MINUTES LATER...

QUICK, MISS KITTY! IT'S AN EMERGENCY! WE MUST SEE THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY!

SOBE I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO GO AROUND LIKE THIS ALL THE REST OF MY LIFE! SOBE TO KEEP FROM BASHIN' MY HEAD!

OR MORGIE

YES MA'M!

ANDY, I THINK I CAN PUT YOUR MIND AT REST! THIS IS ALL CAUSED BY OVERWORK!

YOU MEAN, THAT'S MADE ME START GROWING?

NO! IT'S MADE YOU THINK YOU'VE STARTED GROWING!

DOGGONE! I TELL YA, DOC. I HAVE STARTED GROWING!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOCTOR... I MEASURED HIM!

HEH-HEH! I'VE PRACTICED MEDICINE 30 YEARS, AND I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NO RECORD OF SUCH RAPID GROWTH PHENOMENON! ... HOWEVER, STEP OVER HERE AND WE'LL CHECK IT!

LEAPIN' APPENDIX OF THE CAECUM! I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW DISEASE! ... YOU'VE GROWN 4 INCHES!

MEANWHILE, LET'S GO BACK TO JACKSON ...

I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE MY FAMILY AN LIVE OUT-DOORS... NO HOUSE WILL HOLD ME!

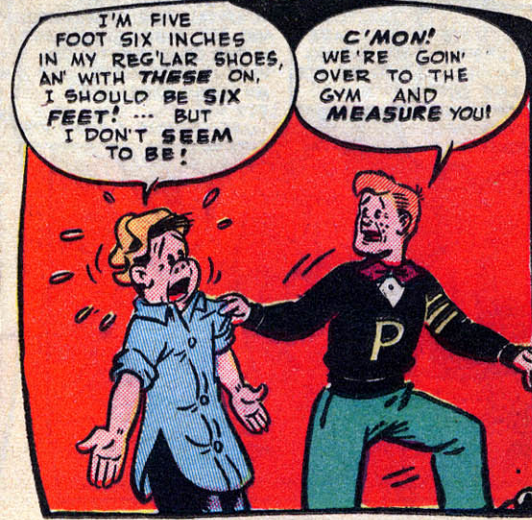
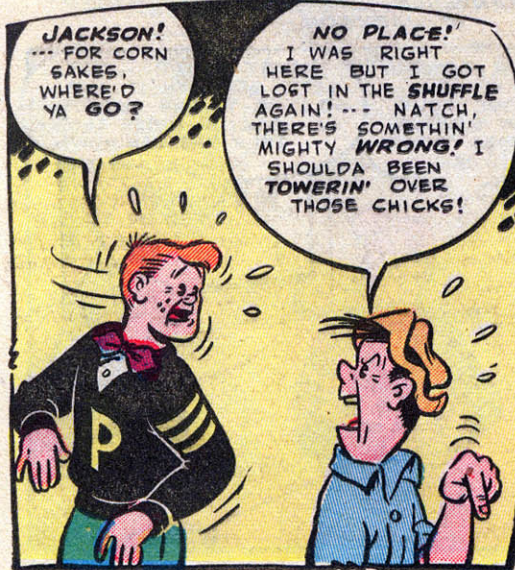
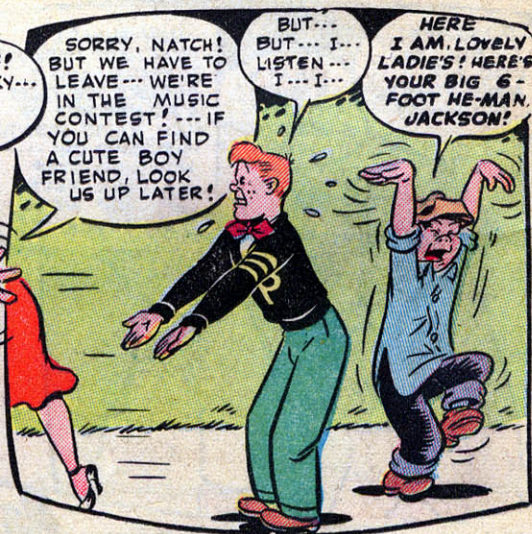
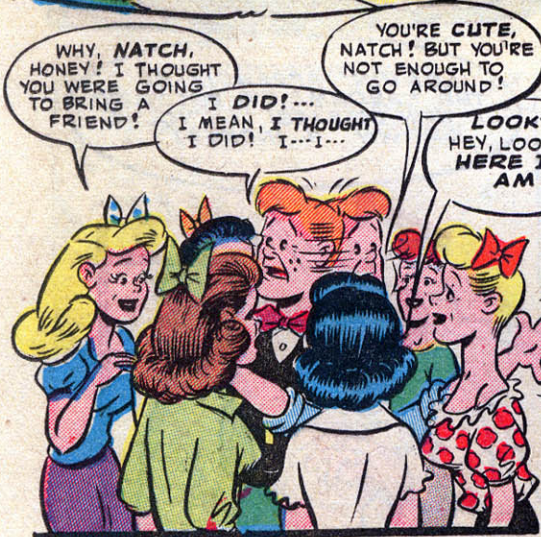
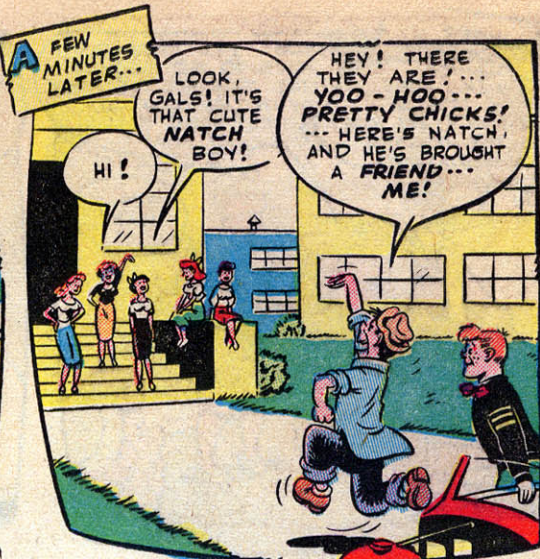
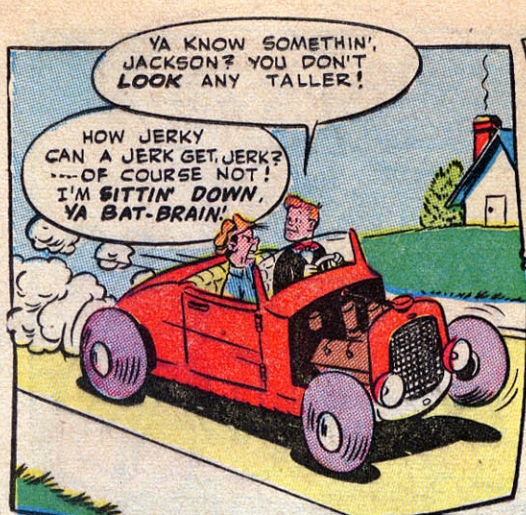
DOCTOR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR HIM?

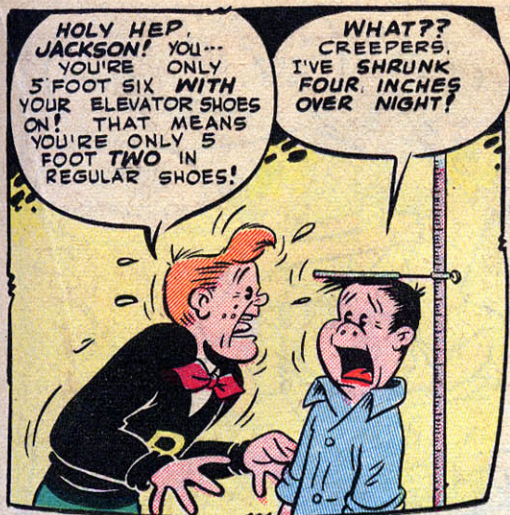
PUT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL FOR OBSERVATION AND GET EVERY SPECIALIST IN THE COUNTRY TO SEE HIM! ... MISS KITTY! GET ME LONG DISTANCE! LET'S SEE, I'LL CALL IT JACKSONUS GROWTHUS!

HI, JACKSON! HEY, YOU WORE YOUR NEW ELEVATOR SHOES, DIDN'T YA?

WHAT ELSE?... NOW LET'S GET WITH IT AND GO OVER TO THE AUDITORIUM AN' LOOK UP THOSE CHICKS ... I'M A BIG MAN NOW!

HTOO





HOLY HEP, JACKSON! YOU... YOU'RE ONLY 5' FOOT SIX WITH YOUR ELEVATOR SHOES ON! THAT MEANS YOU'RE ONLY 5 FOOT TWO IN REGULAR SHOES!

WHAT?? CREEPERS. I'VE SHRUNK FOUR INCHES OVER NIGHT!



NATCH! I MUSTA CAUGHT SOME HORRIBLE SHRINKING DISEASE --- I'M TURNIN' INTO A MIDGET! I'LL HAVE TA JOIN A CIRCUS OR SOMETHIN'!

NO YOU WON'T, JACKSON, OLD FRIEND --- I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHIN'!

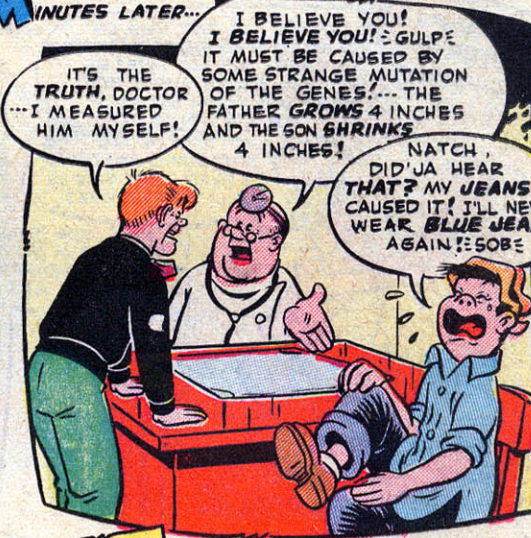


IF YOU SHRUNK 4 INCHES IN ONE DAY, AND YOU'RE ONLY 66 INCHES TALL TA BEGIN WITH, IN 17 DAYS YOU'LL BE... YOU'LL BE...

... GONE!

... I'VE GOTTA GET TO A DOCTOR!

MINUTES LATER...



IT'S THE TRUTH, DOCTOR --- I MEASURED HIM MYSELF!

I BELIEVE YOU! I BELIEVE YOU! --- GULP! IT MUST BE CAUSED BY SOME STRANGE MUTATION OF THE GENES... THE FATHER GROWS 4 INCHES AND THE SON SHRINKS 4 INCHES!

NATCH, DID'JA HEAR THAT? MY JEANS CAUSED IT! I'LL NEVER WEAR BLUE JEANS AGAIN! --- SOBE



YA JERK, HE DIDN'T MEAN YOUR PANTS! THE GENES HE MEANT ARE LITTLE GADGETS THAT MAKE YA INHERIT CERTAIN THINGS FROM YOUR FOLKS!... LIKE THE COLOR OF YOUR HAIR AND EYES!

MISS KITTY! CALL THE HOSPITAL AND TELL THEM WE'RE PUTTING YOUNG JACKSON IN FOR OBSERVATION TOO!

YA SHOULDN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT WHEN I'M DISAPPEARING!

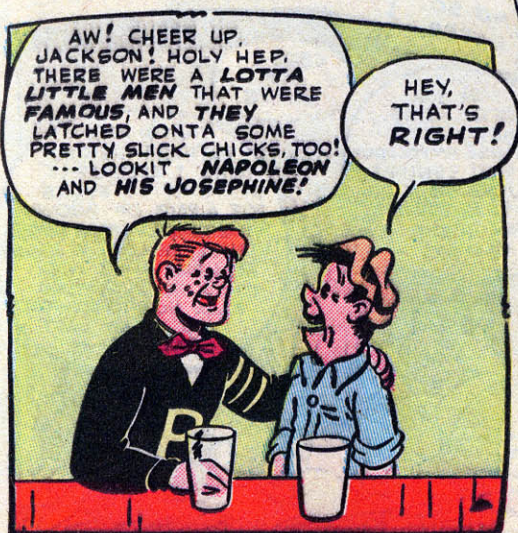
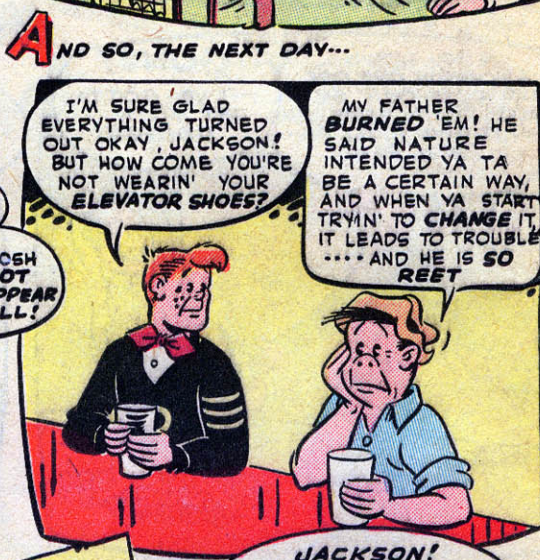
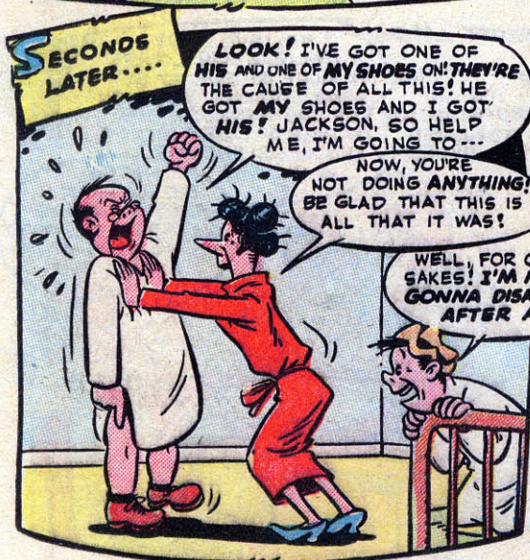
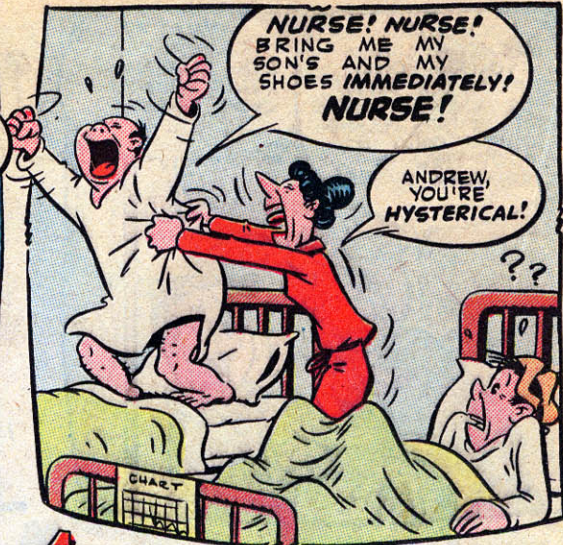
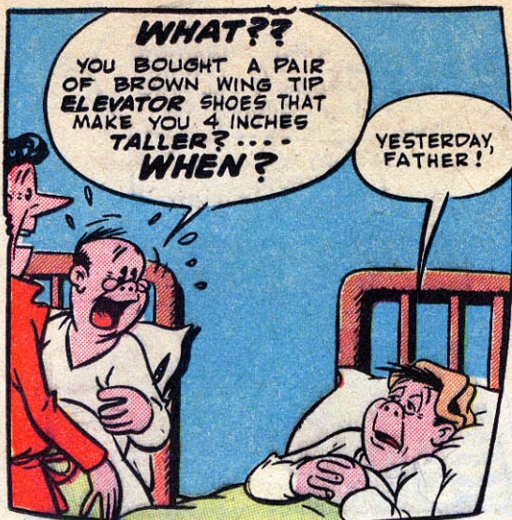
AND SO, LATER...



SON, I'M SORRY I'VE HANDED THIS STRANGE MALADY DOWN TO YOU! --- SNIFF! BELIEVE ME, I DIDN'T KNOW IT RAN IN THE FAMILY!

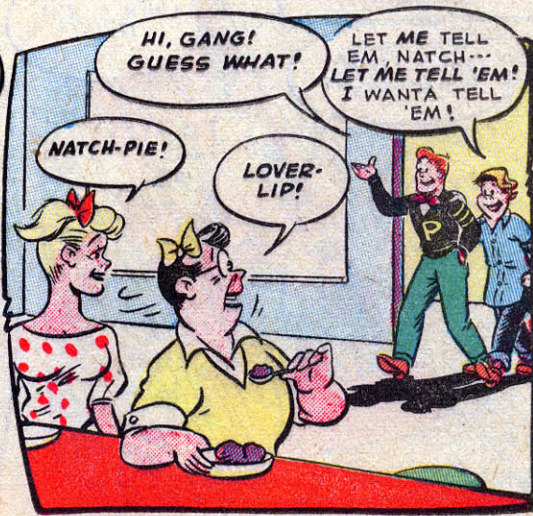
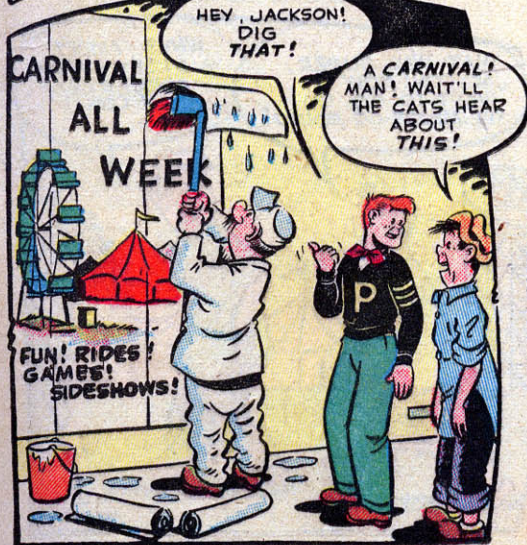
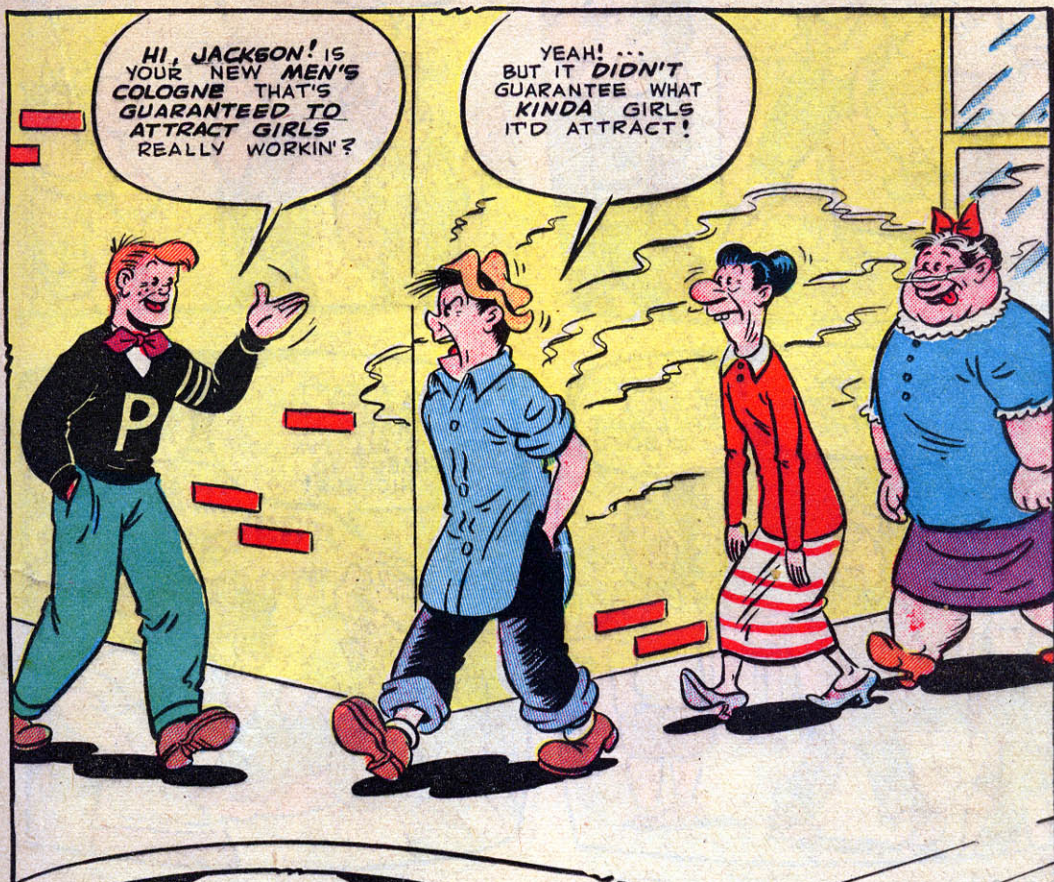
--- SOBE MY BOYS!

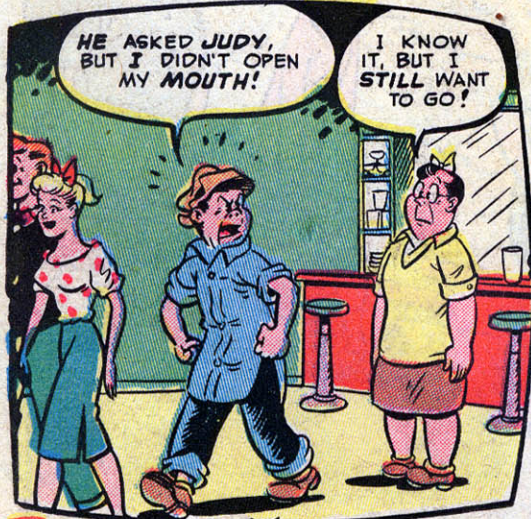
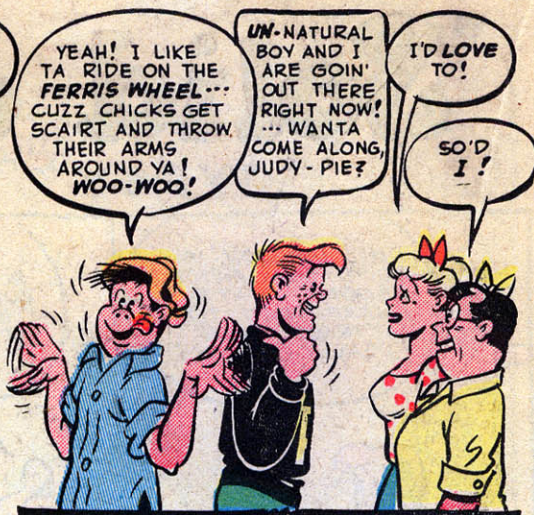
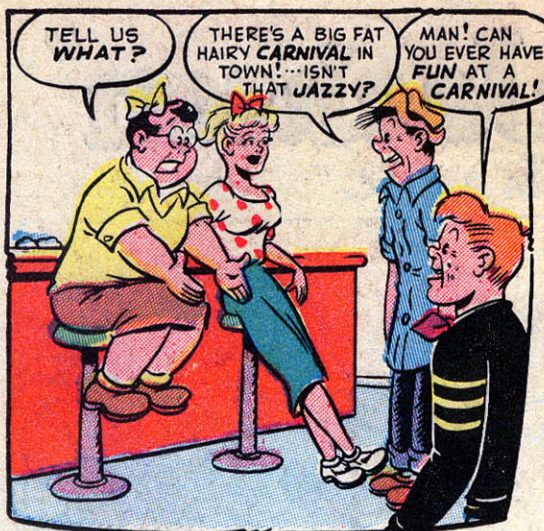
THAT'S OKAY, FATHER! THE ONLY THING I REGRET IS SPENDIN' 20 BUCKS FOR A PAIR OF BROWN WING TIP ELEVATOR SHOES TO MAKE ME LOOK 4 INCHES TALLER!... I WISH I HAD MY PLATTERS BACK NOW TO COMFORT ME IN MY LAST DAYS OF ---



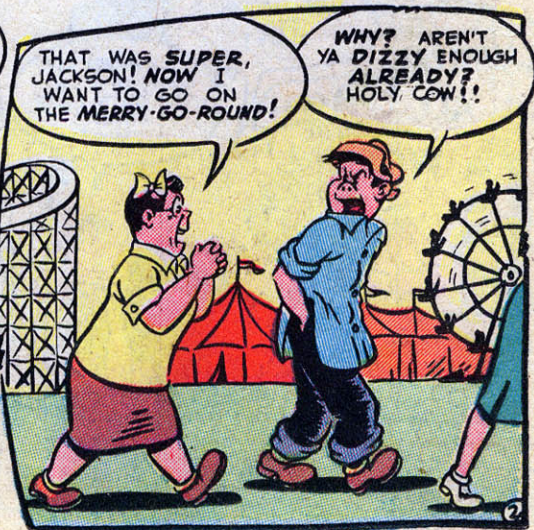
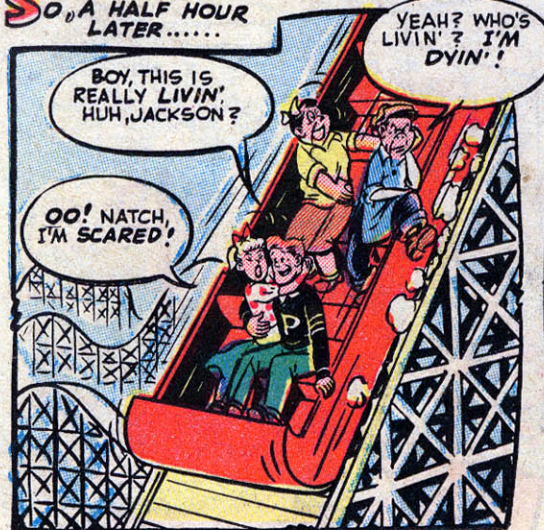
The End

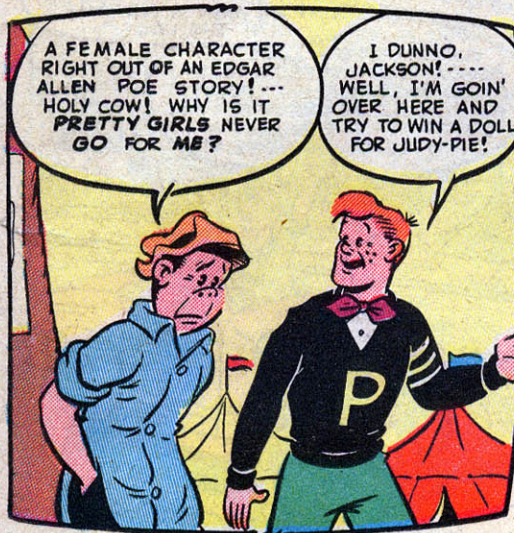
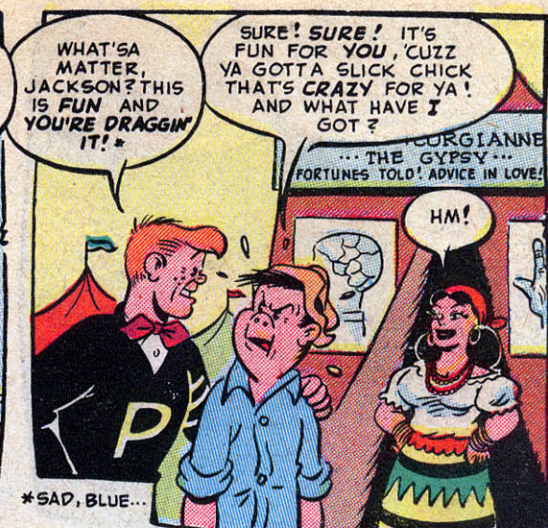
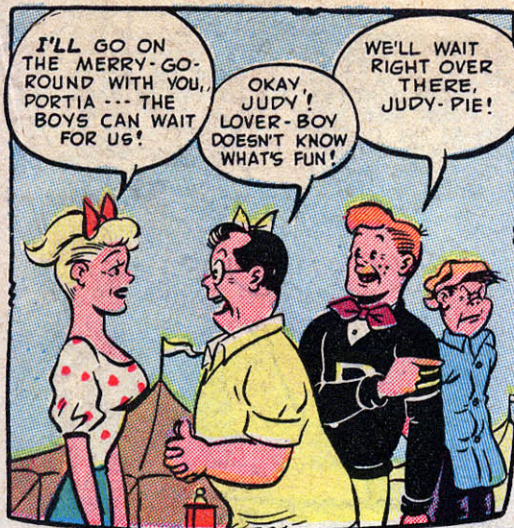
"Solid Jackson" in "GYPSY MAGIC"

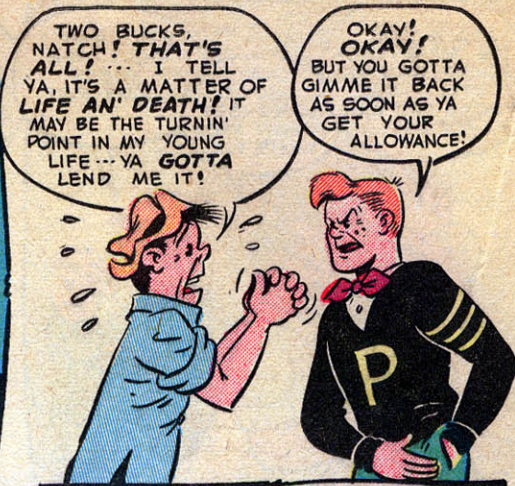
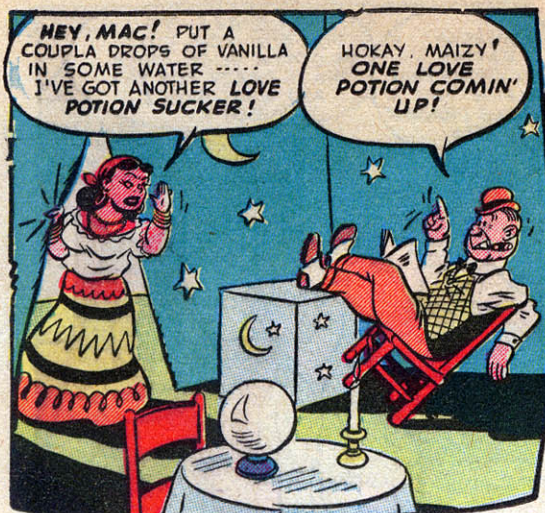




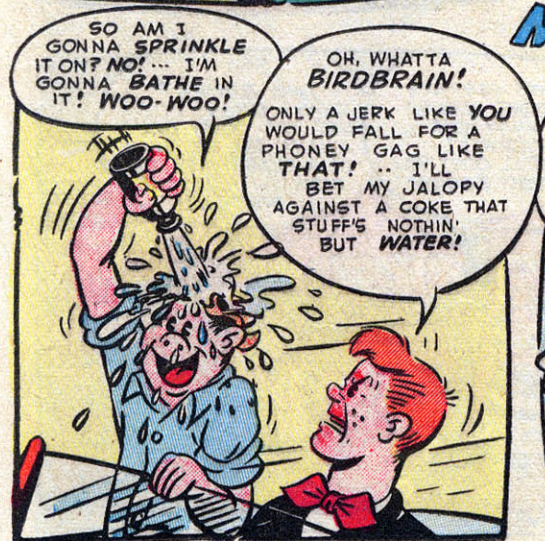
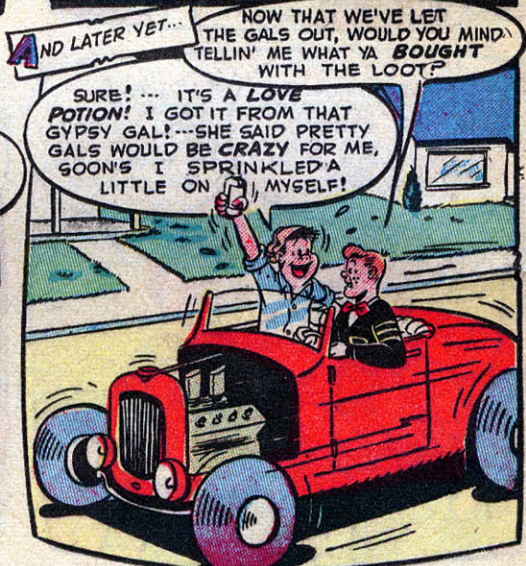
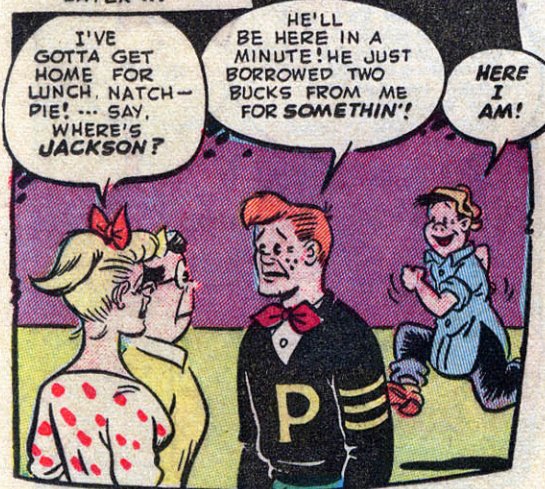
SO, A HALF HOUR LATER.....



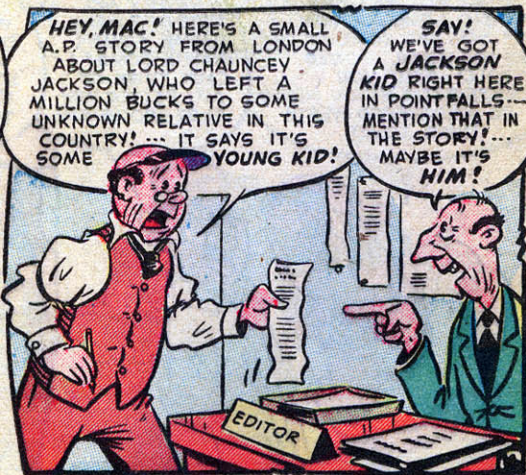




A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

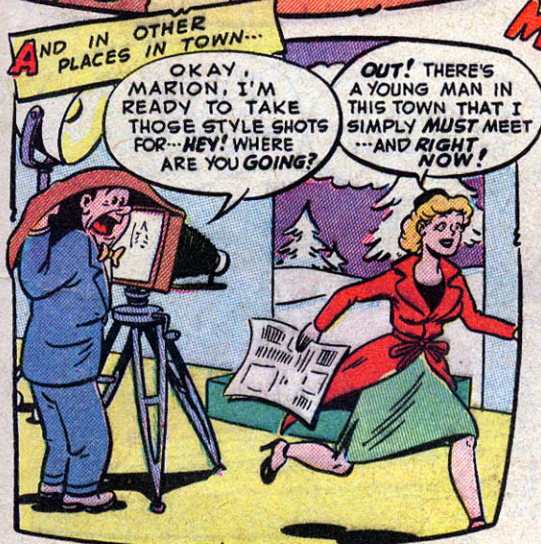


MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICES OF THE POINTFALLS NEWS...

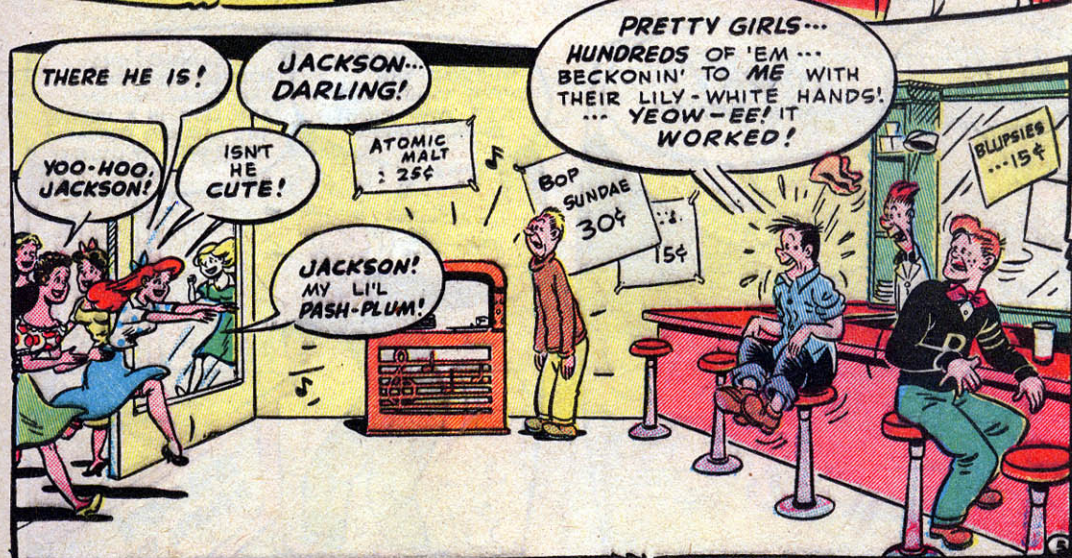
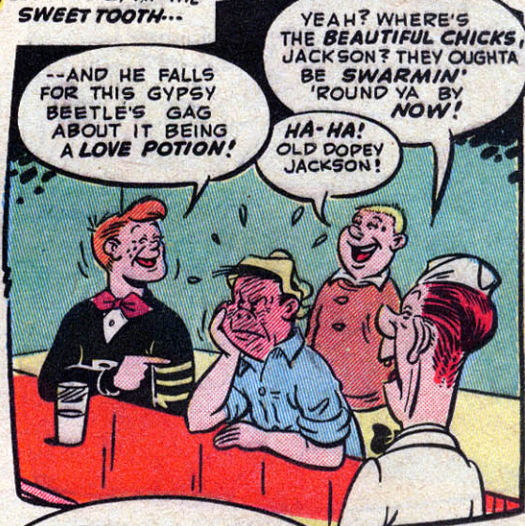


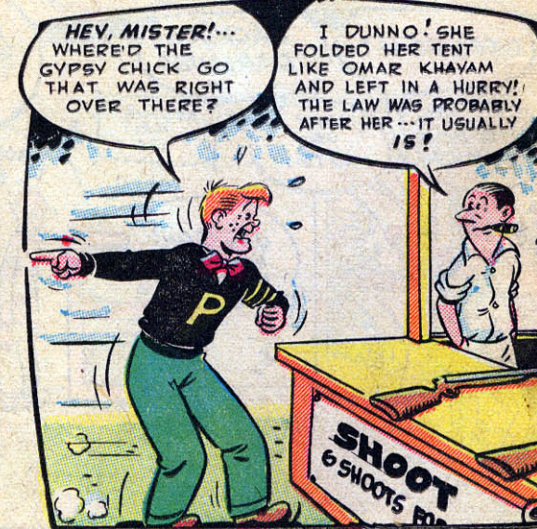
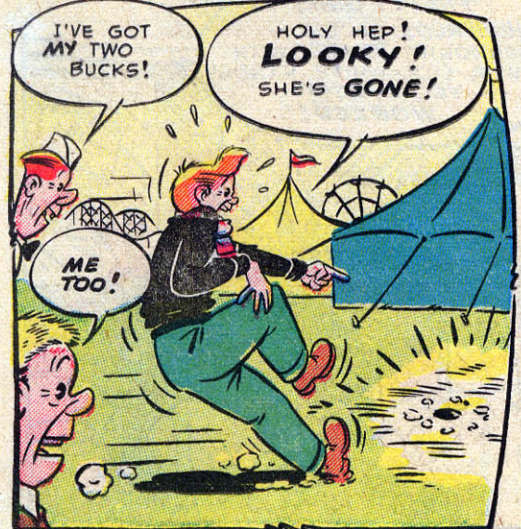
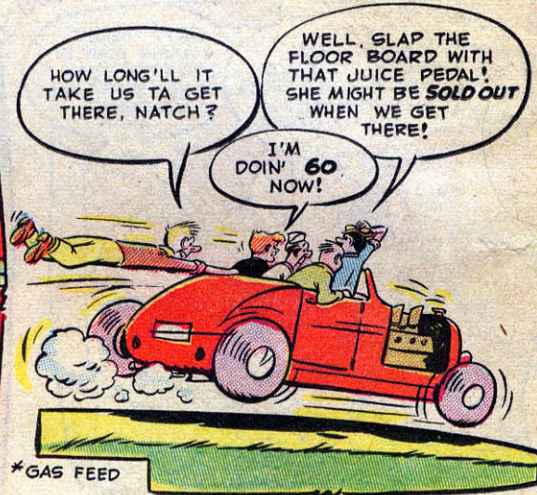
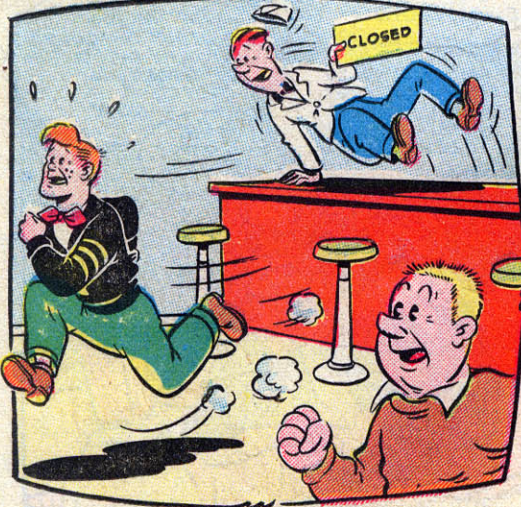
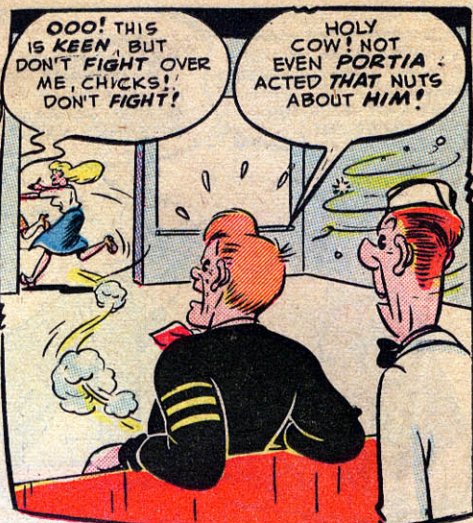
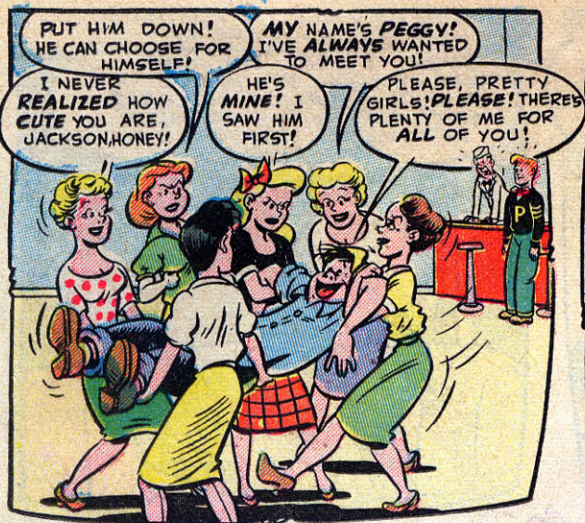


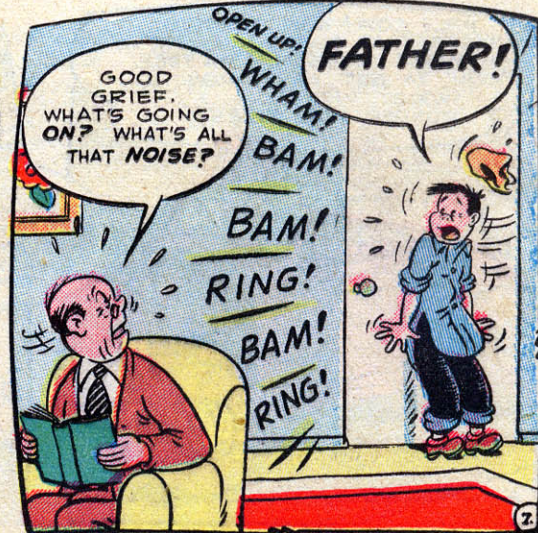
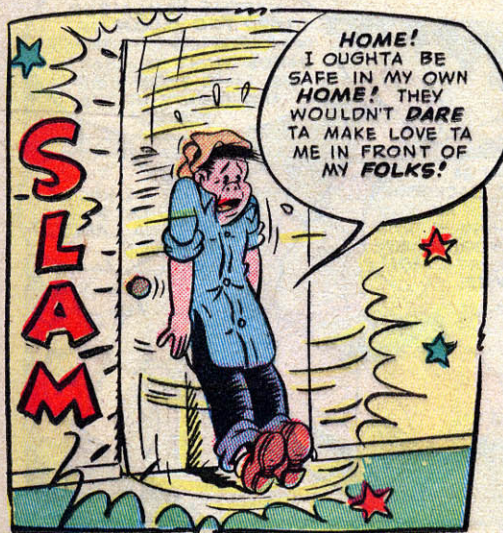
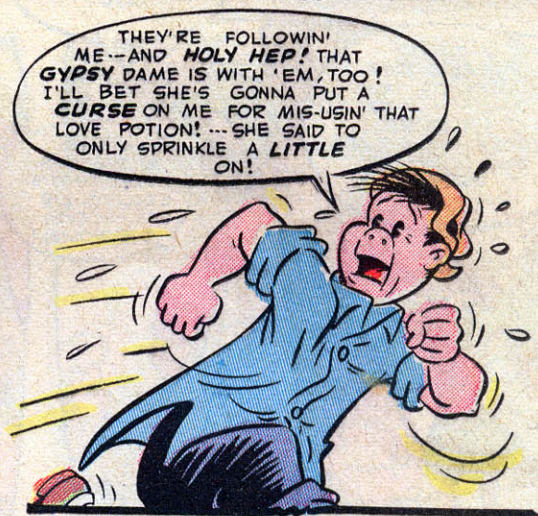
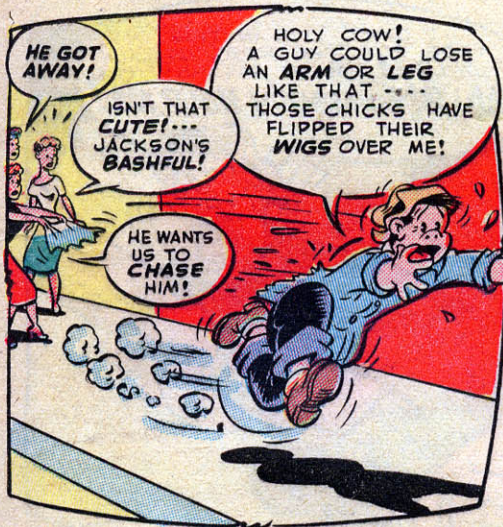
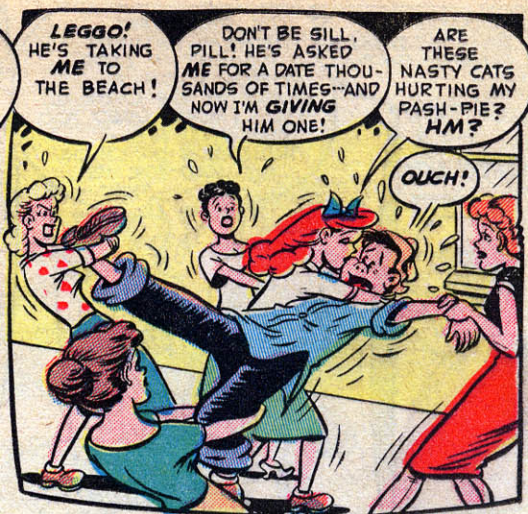
SO...SHORTLY AFTER THE POINTFALLS NOON EDITION COMES OUT----

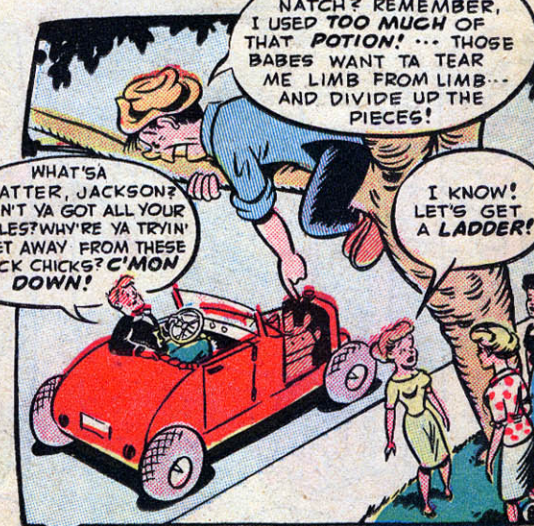
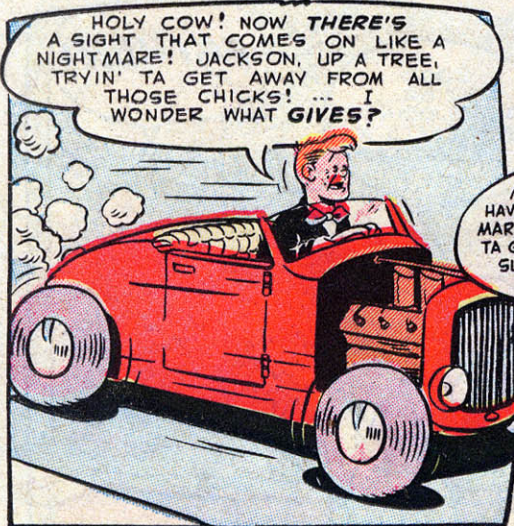
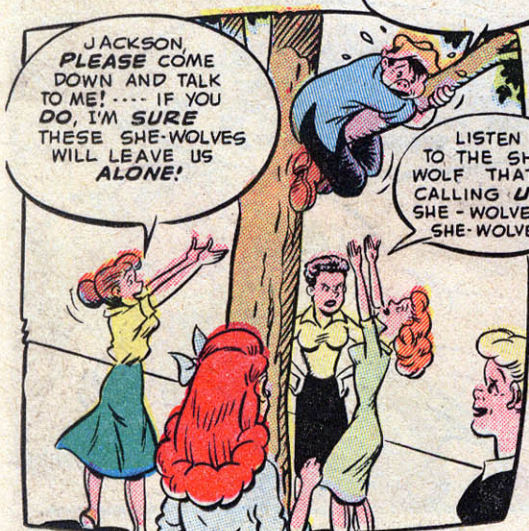
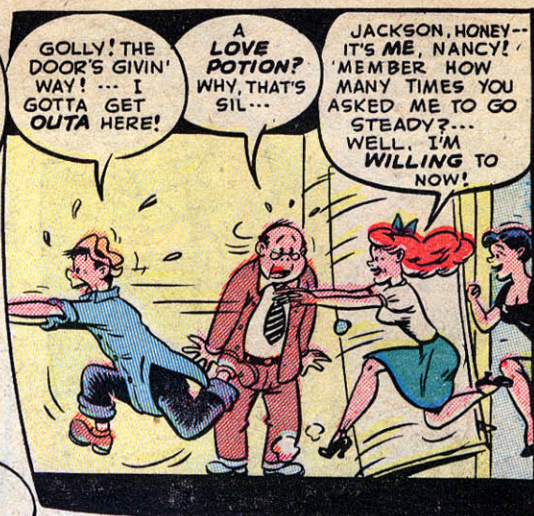
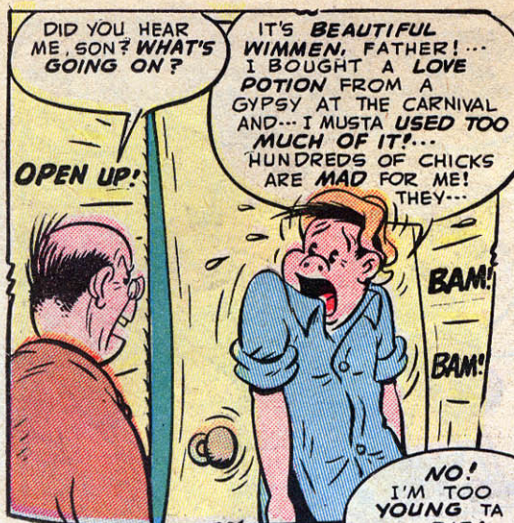


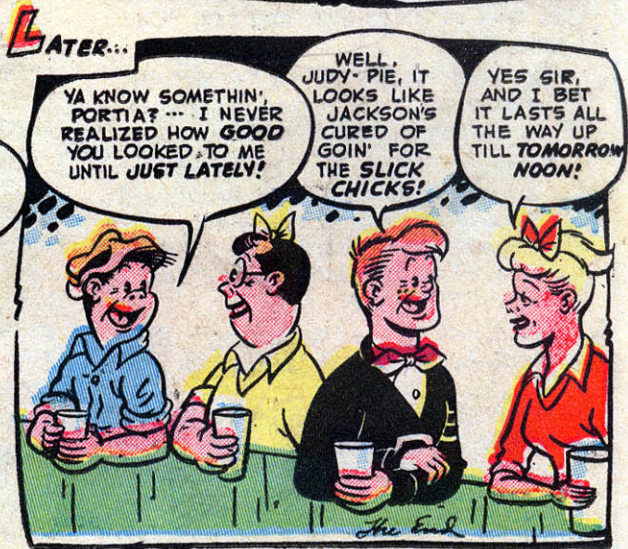
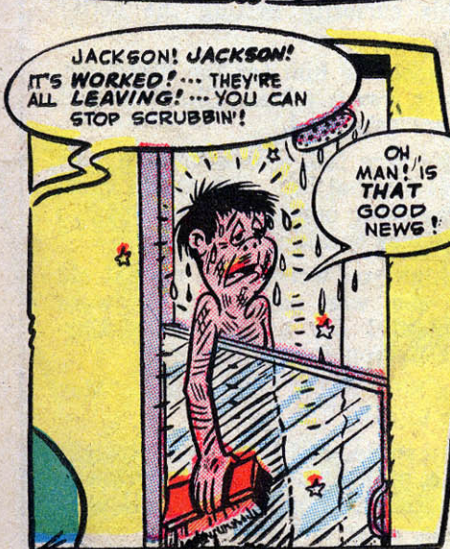
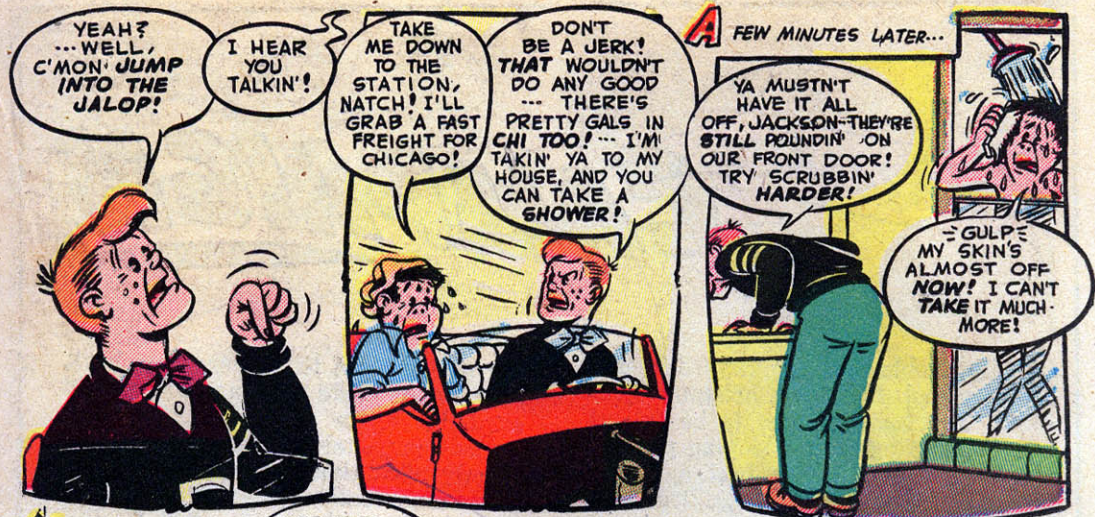
MEANWHILE, AT THE SWEET TOOTH--











Winning CAMPAIGN

Billy Noble was homeward bound from school for the Christmas holidays. The train seemed to be full of people carrying festive-looking parcels, children in their holiday best, and boys and girls of his own age, filled with vacation excitement.

And then, Billy caught his breath. For there, sitting sedately across the aisle from him, was *the* girl! Billy allowed himself a cautious sidelong glance at her. She was blonde, blue-eyed, and looked as though she smiled beautifully. Sitting next to her, just as sedately, was an older woman, prim and rather stern-looking.

Billy could tell at once that any self-introduction would not be accepted. But he wanted so much to meet this pretty girl, to talk to her! How? That was the question.

Suddenly, he caught the old lady's eye. She seemed to be searching for someone to help her, and in a flash, Billy realized that he could break the ice. It was simple. All he had to do was, well . . . lean over and say, "Can I help you?"

The old lady smiled gratefully. "Could you?" she asked helplessly. "I never *can* open these windows!"

Saying, "Pardon me" to the girl of his dreams, Billy edged past her, flexed his muscles, and sent the window up, without trying too hard. The girl said nothing. The old lady said, "Thank you," quite warmly.

"At least it's a beginning," Billy thought, settling back in his own seat again.

It was a keen beginning. The old lady acted as though she'd really found a friend in Billy, and Billy was happy to come through. He brought her a paper cupful of water without spill-

ing a drop, and tilted her chair back, so that she could take a short nap in comfort. When she awoke, he summoned the porter, so she could find out exactly what time the train would get to Hammonton.

Hammonton! That was Billy's stop, too! And all this time, he had not exchanged *one* word with the cute little blonde. Not one!

When the trainman came through, calling "Hammonton!", Billy rose gallantly and hoisted the luggage off the racks. "Yours?" he asked the old lady, who thanked him energetically. "Yours?" he asked the dream-girl. She nodded politely.

Juggling three suitcases, Billy got them all safely to the station, where the old lady thanked him once more, shook his hand warmly, and told him it was a shame there weren't more young men like him about. She then turned to leave.

"But . . . but aren't *you* going with her?" Billy asked the cute blue-eyed girl, his curiosity getting the better of him.

She spoke to him for the first time, in a soft, sweet voice. "Oh, we're not together!" she said.

Billy's face fell. His campaign . . . wasted! His battle . . . fought in vain! She was going out of his life. But . . . but she was speaking to him!

"I think you were *sweet* to that old lady," she was saying. "You were gentlemanly! My name's Susan Darrow. I live on Prince Street."

"I'm Billy Noble," Billy said. "May I come to call?"

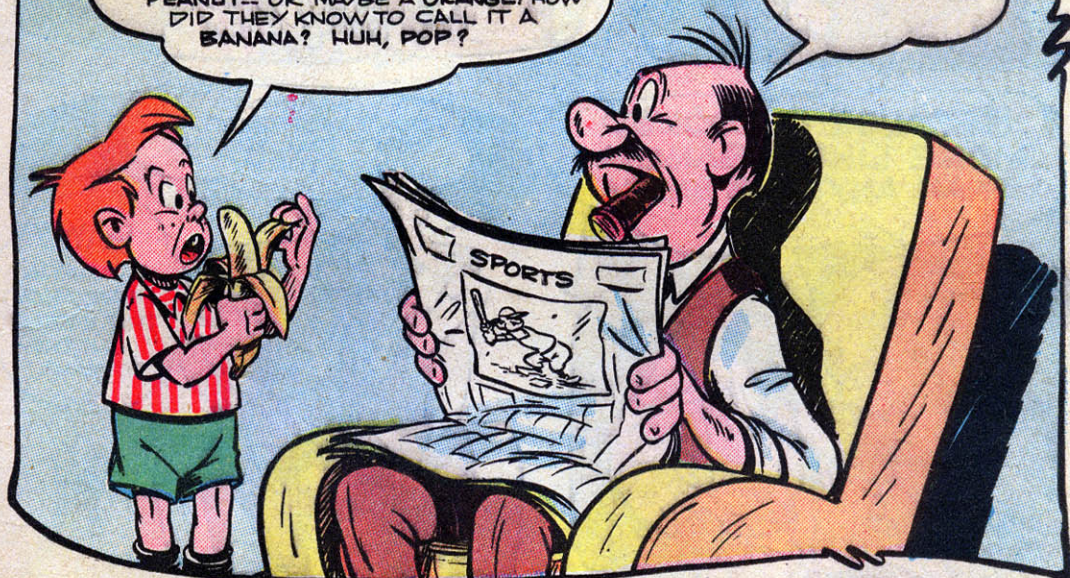
Susan smiled and Billy went straight up to a pink cloud that wasn't even there. His campaign had been a winning one, after all!

POP KNOWS

-- OR DOES HE ?

HEY, POP! HOW DID THEY KNOW WHEN THEY FIRST DISCOVERED THE BANANA THAT IT WAS A BANANA? HOW DID THEY KNOW THAT MAYBE IT WASN'T A PEANUT... OR MAYBE A ORANGE! HOW DID THEY KNOW TO CALL IT A BANANA? HUH, POP?

A BANANA?
LET'S SEE--
ER-- AH--

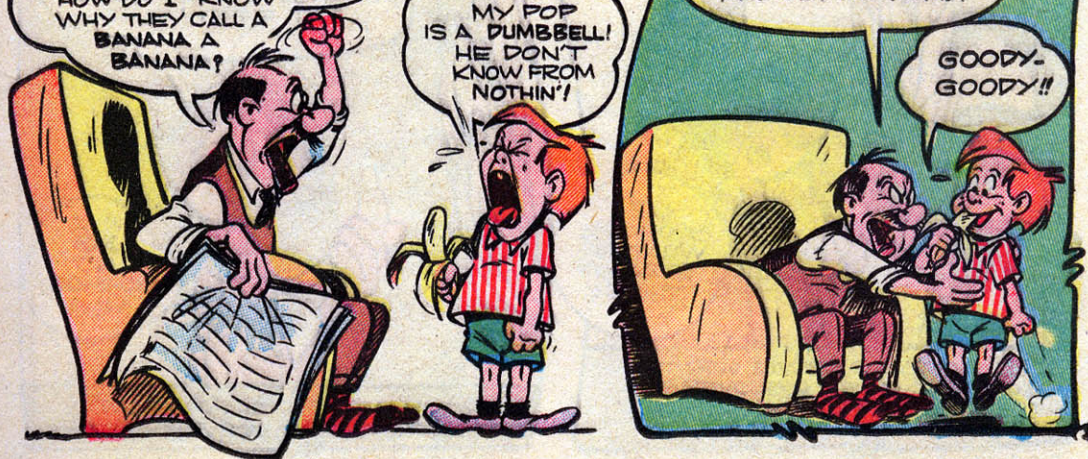


STOP BOTHERIN' ME!
WHY DO YOU THINK UP
SUCH SILLY QUESTIONS?
HOW DO I KNOW
WHY THEY CALL A
BANANA A
BANANA?

BAW!
MY POP
IS A DUMBBELL!
HE DON'T
KNOW FROM
NOTHIN'!

AWRIGHT, STOP YOUR
BAWLING AND I'LL TELL
YOU!! --THEN GO AWAY
AND LET ME READ!

GOODY-
GOODY!!



BANANAS WERE FIRST DISCOVERED GROWING IN THE INDIES ON THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO...

ARCHIE WHO?

ARCHIE PELAGO!! THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE EAST INDIAN WHO DISCOVERED THE FIRST BANANA!

BUT HOW DID HE KNOW IT WAS A BANANA WHAT HE DISCOVER?

BECAUSE IT LOOKED MORE LIKE A BANANA THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

AN' IF YA DON'T KEEP QUIET, I WON'T TELL YOU THE STORY!

BAW!! I WANNA HEAR ABOUT THE INDIAN AN' THE BANANA!

ME EAT?...NO! MAYBE POISON! ME TAKE NO CHANCE! ME LET FRIEND EAT FIRST!

ME NO SCHMOE!

"ARCHIE WAS PUZZLED ABOUT HIS STRANGE DISCOVERY..."

"...ALL RIGHT, SO ARCHIE WAS THE GUY THAT FIRST DISCOVERED THE STRANGE GROWTH! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS!"

"...SO HE TOOK THE STRANGE THING
TO HIS FRIENDS!"

ME FIND FUNNY
THING! NO KNOW
WHAT IS!

?

?

?

ME FIND
ON TREE! WHAT
IT IS?

?

IS LOOK LIKE
SOMEBODY BIG
TOE!

IS
MAYBE
STREAMLINE
COCONUT?

YOU EAT!
SEE IF IS
NO POISON!

?

?

?

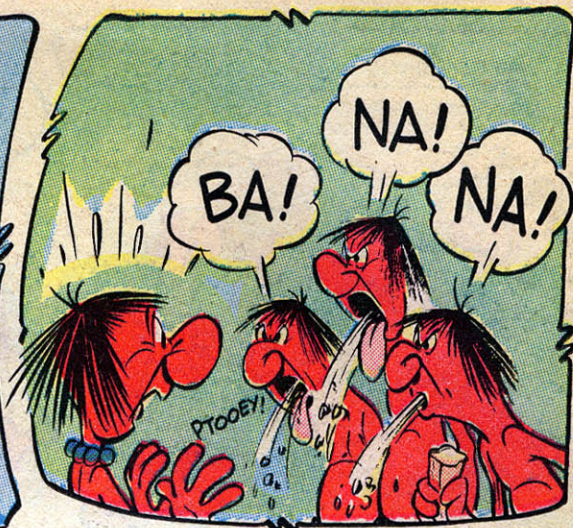
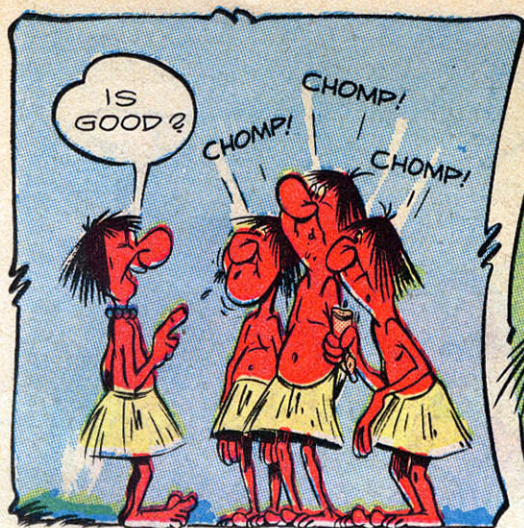
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

ME
TRY
NEXT!

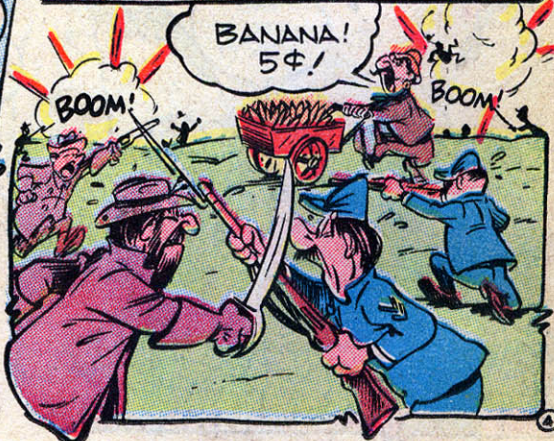
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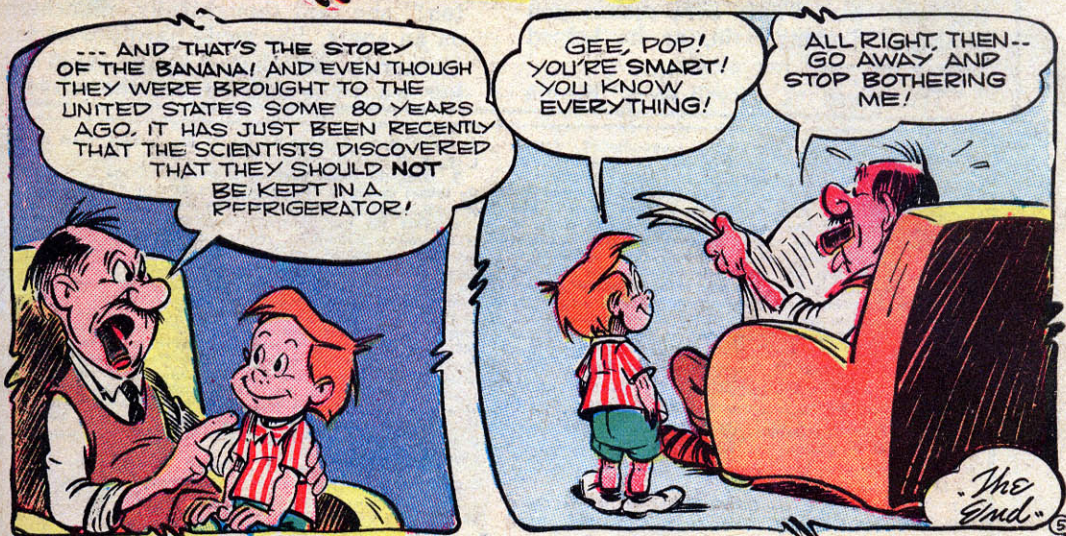
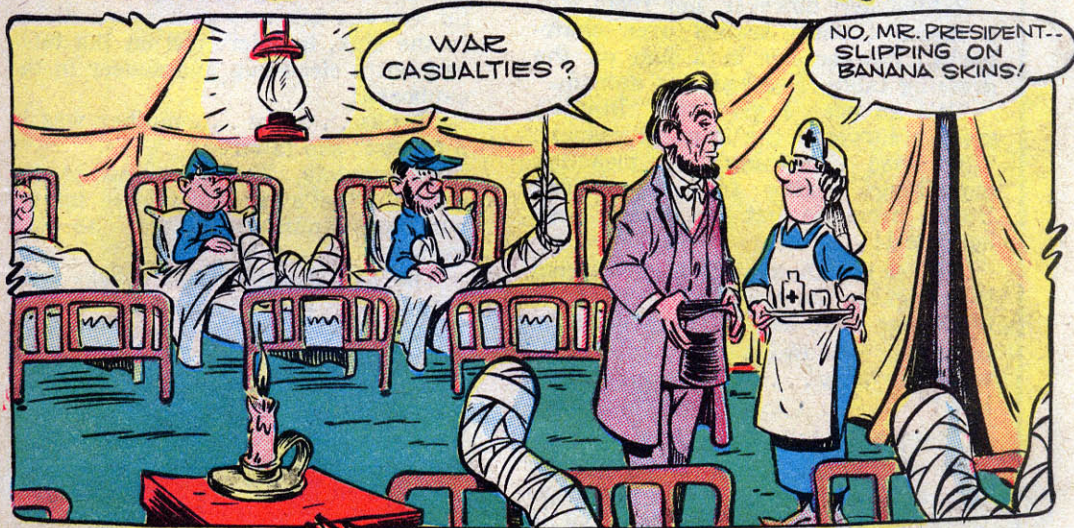
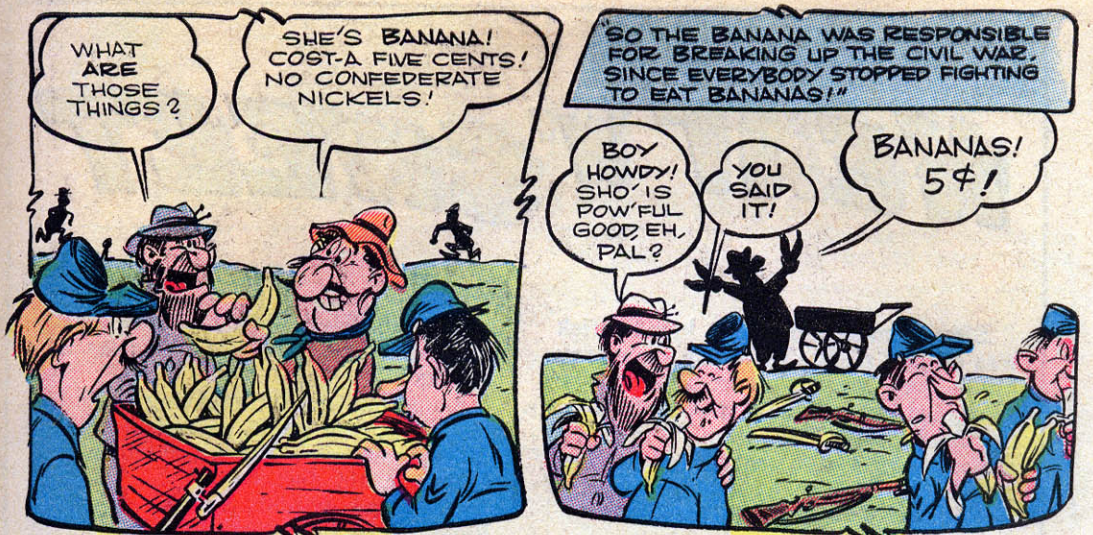
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

CHOMP!
CHOMP!



"SOON AFTER THAT, THE FIRST BANANAS WERE SHIPPED TO THE UNITED STATES TOWARDS THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR!"





NEAT 'N' SWEET

Binnie made sure that her lipstick was on just right. Then, she ran a tiny brush over her eyebrows. Finally, she examined her hair-do, making sure that her front bangs were even. "I'm going out, mother!" she yelled, and walked out the front door, as neat and pretty a teen-ager as any in the world.

Behind her, however, her room was a mess. Clothes trailed over chair-backs. Powder lay in a film on the dressing table. Her bed was unmade.

"It's no use! I give up!" Binnie's mother surveyed the mess in despair. "I've tried everything . . . pleading, explaining, asking for cooperation! Binnie promises, but she doesn't keep her word!"

Mother was thoughtful as she started to straighten the room, for perhaps the fifth time that day. "There must be some way to show Binnie that she ought to do her part . . . and I think I know how!"

Binnie, happily unaware of her mother's thoughts, was having a grand time at the rink. The whole gang was there, pink-cheeked and clear-eyed in the brisk air. "This sure makes you hungry!" Tommy said, as he helped Binnie off with her skates.

"That gives me a swell idea," Binnie

answered. "Hey, kids, how about raiding my kitchen for hot chocolate and snacks?"

Laughing and anticipating their hot chocolate, the gang poured into Binnie's house . . . and stood stock-still. Binnie could feel her cheeks getting redder and redder, as she saw the havoc. The living room was a mess! So was the kitchen, with soiled dishes in the sink, breadcrumbs on the table and not a clean cup and saucer in the cupboard!

"Looks . . . like . . . mother was in a hurry!" she faltered.

Fortunately, Tommy came to the rescue. "Let's all straighten up an' surprise Binnie's mother!" he suggested.

The hot chocolate and snacks were wonderful. The gang really enjoyed them, as well as the house-cleaning that followed. As for Binnie, she had plenty to think about when they'd all gone. This was the first time mother had not cleaned up after her, and the first time Binnie had ever been ashamed of her own house!

"I guess a pretty house is my job, too!" she said thoughtfully, munching on an apple. She could hardly wait for mother to come home, so she could tell her what she had learned that day!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF THE KILBOYS published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1949. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the KILBOYS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd Street, New York, N. Y. Managing editor None. Business manager Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I.

2. That the owner is: B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. B. W. Sagger, 7 West 81st Street,

New York, N. Y. Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

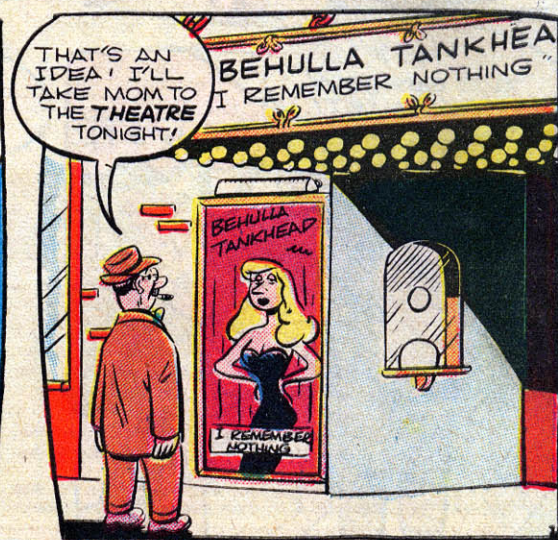
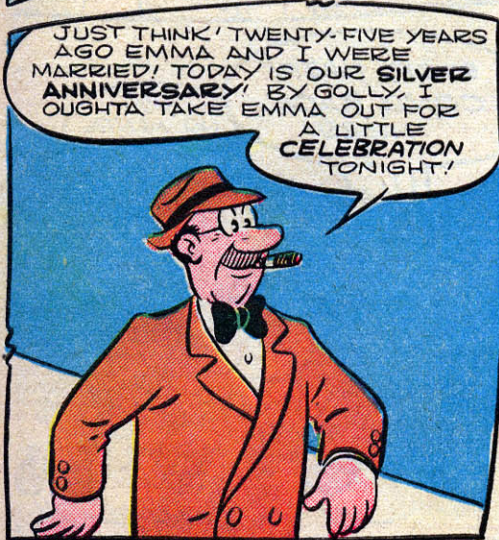
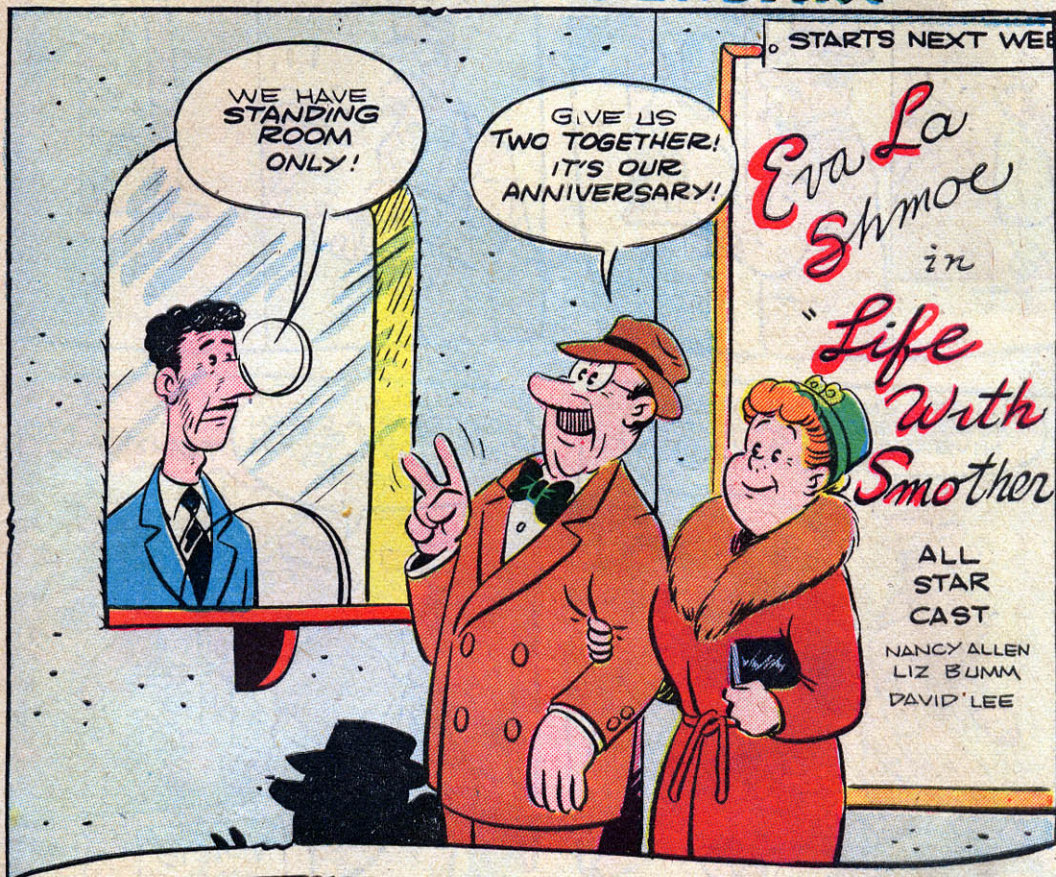
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

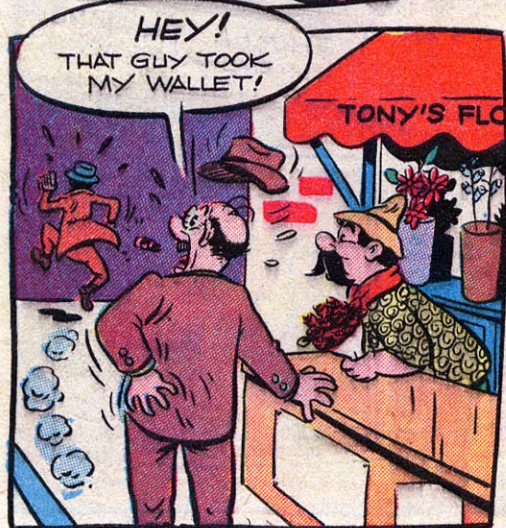
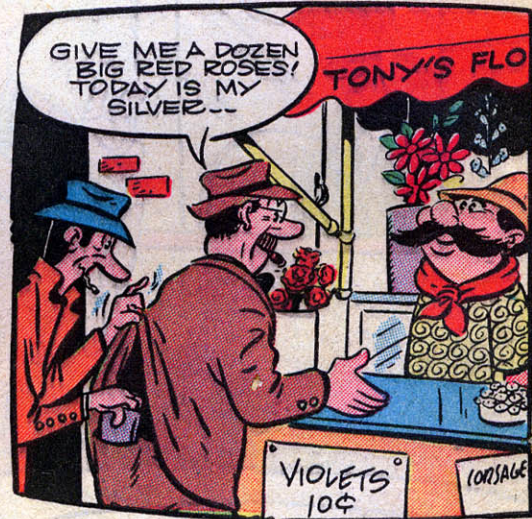
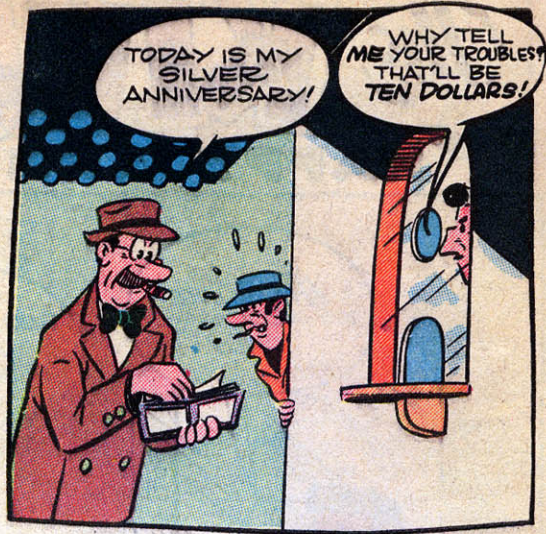
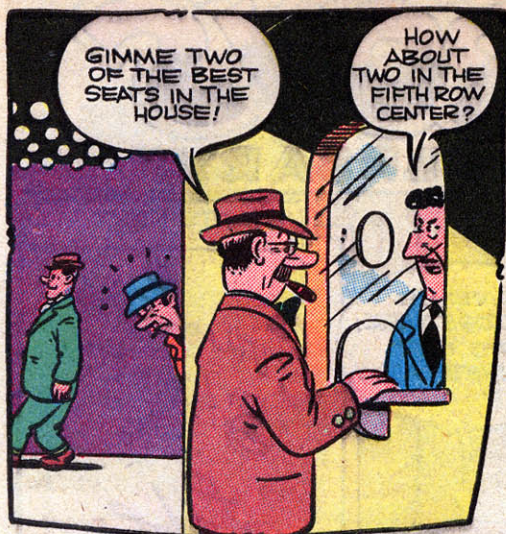
(Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor

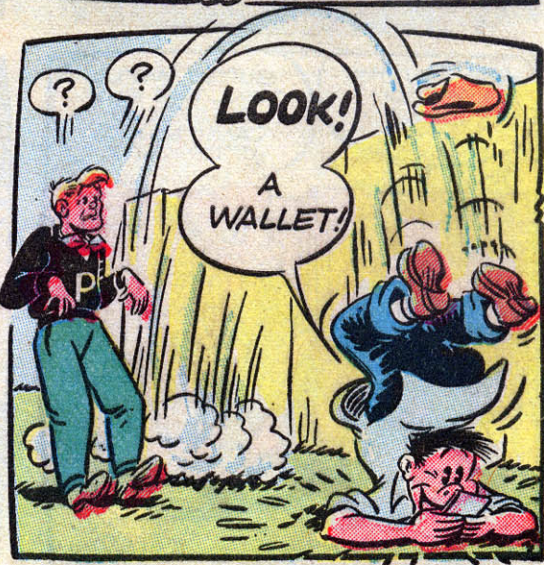
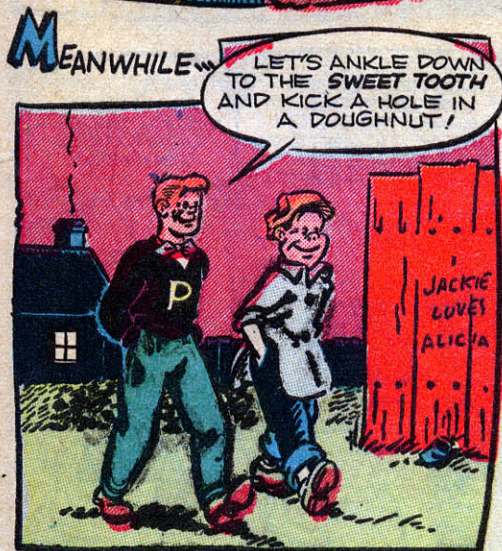
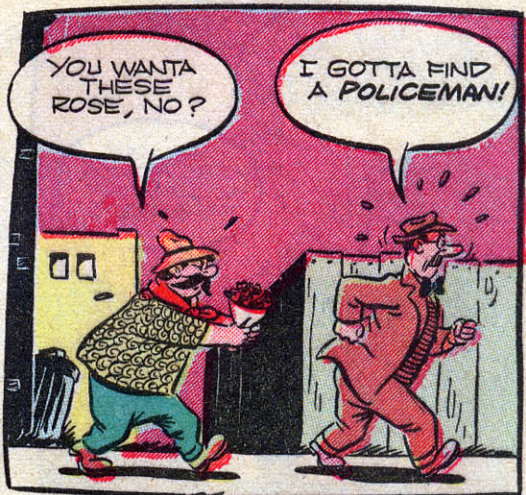
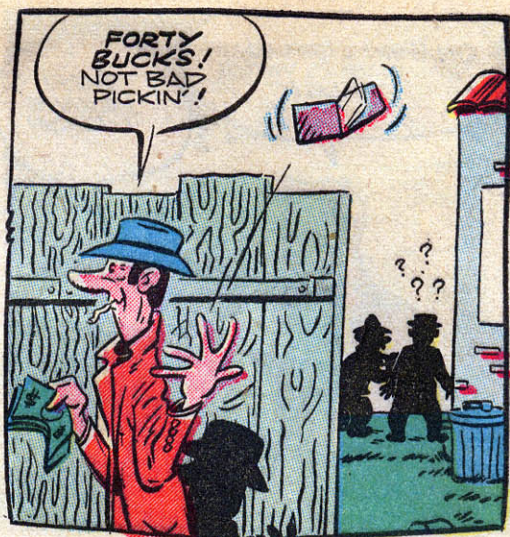
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of Sept., 1949.
Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public (My Commission expires March 30, 1951.)

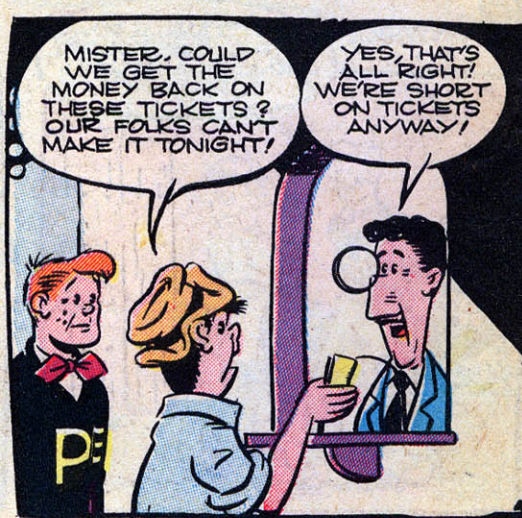
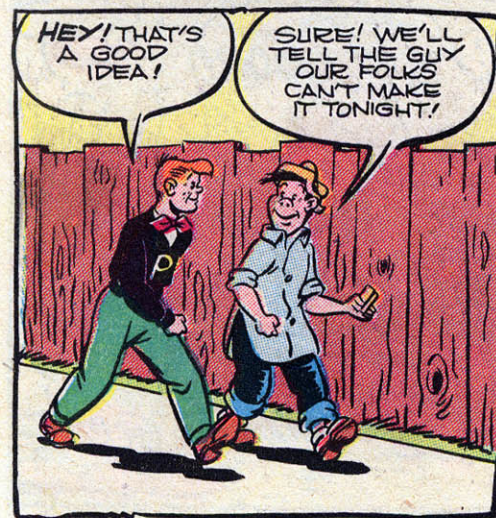
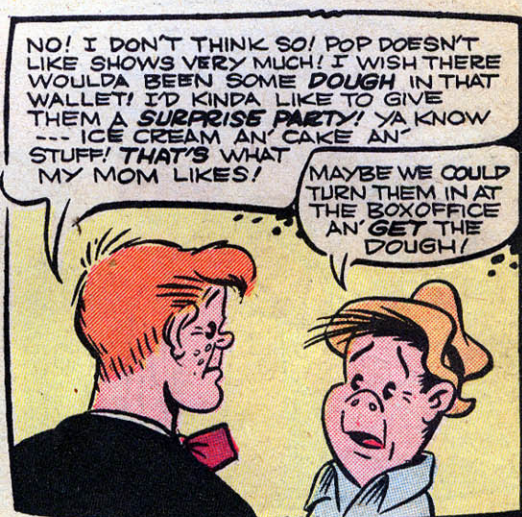
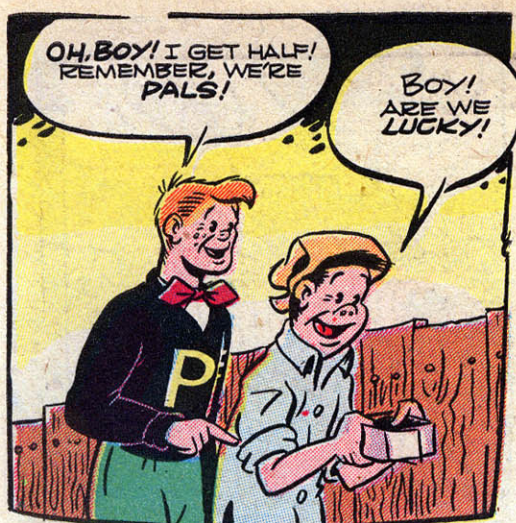
The KILROYS

"HAPPY ANNIVERSARY"

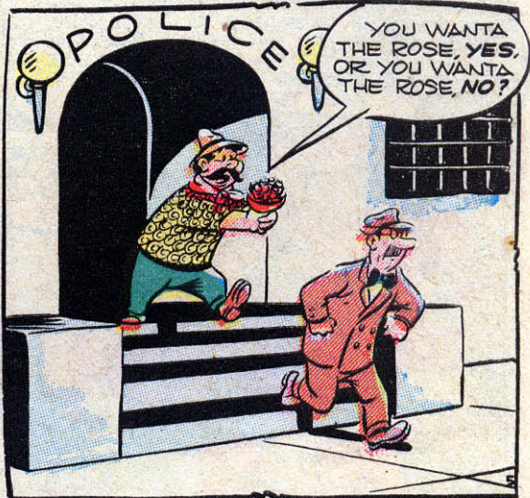
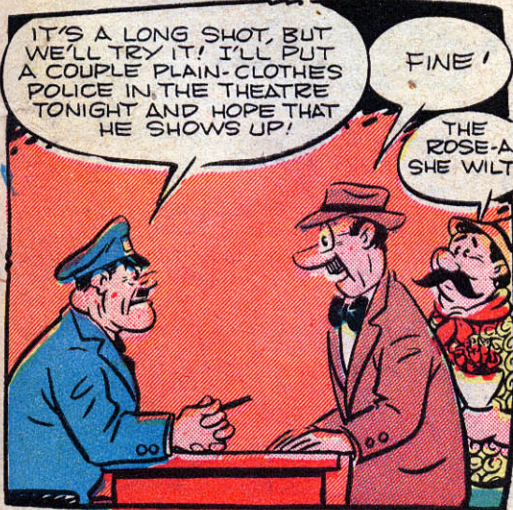
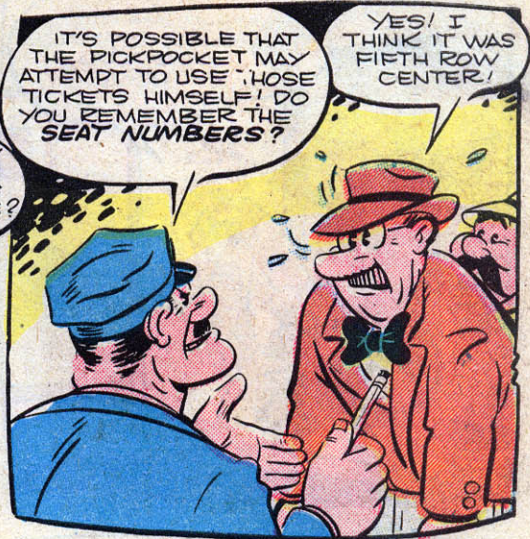
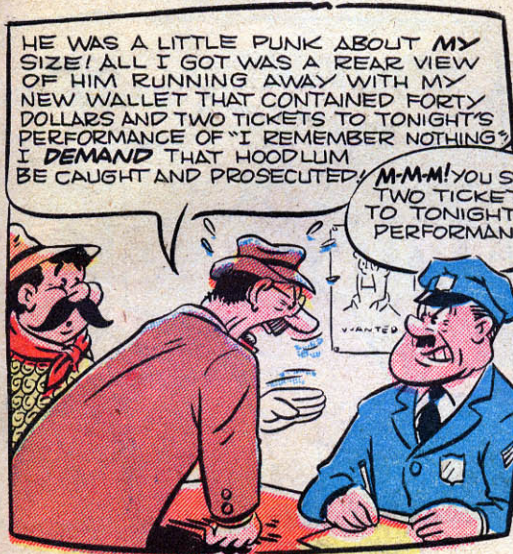
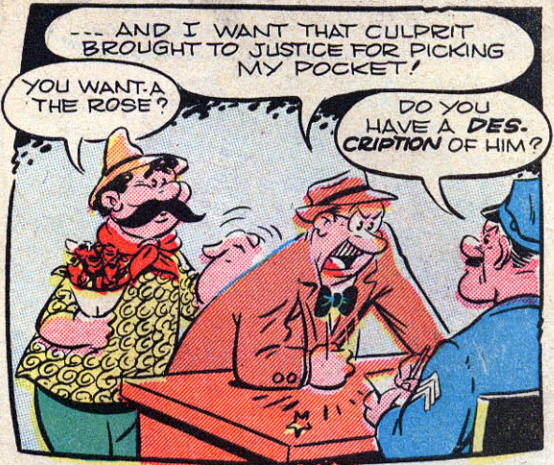


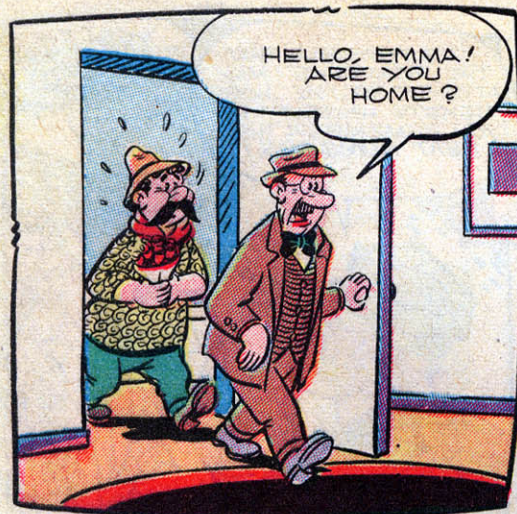
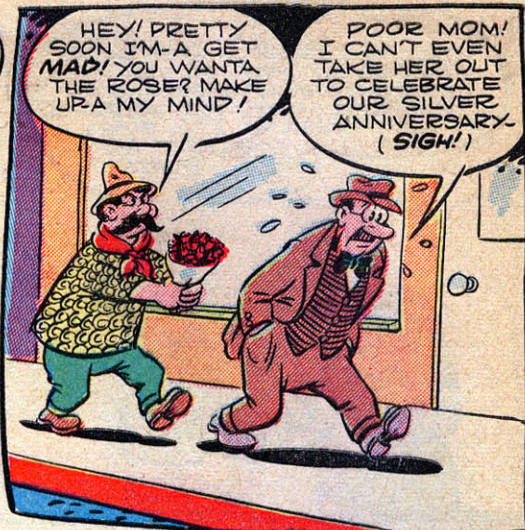
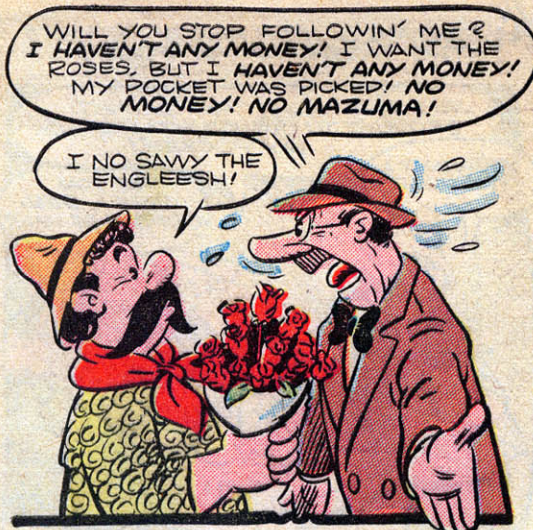


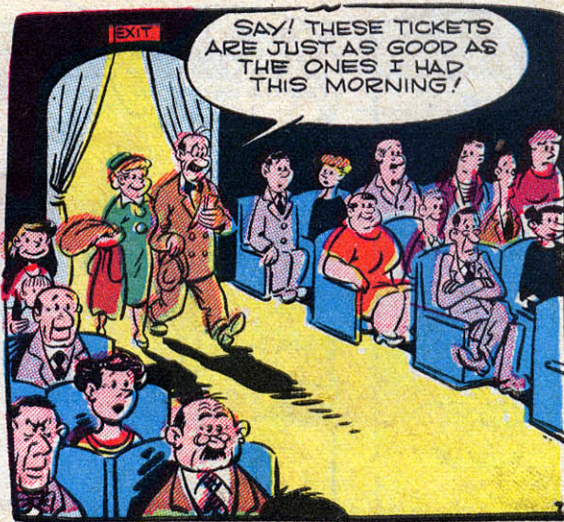
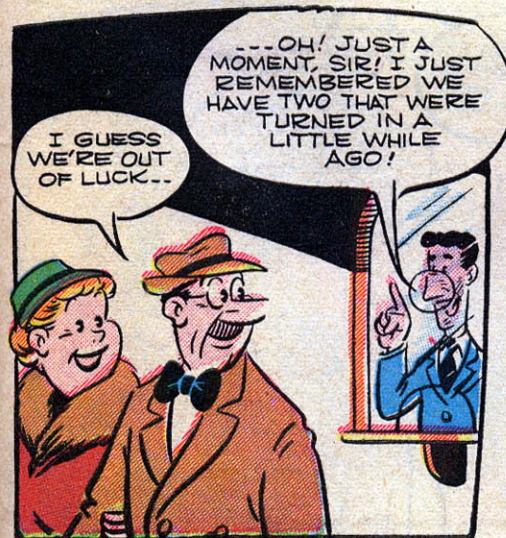
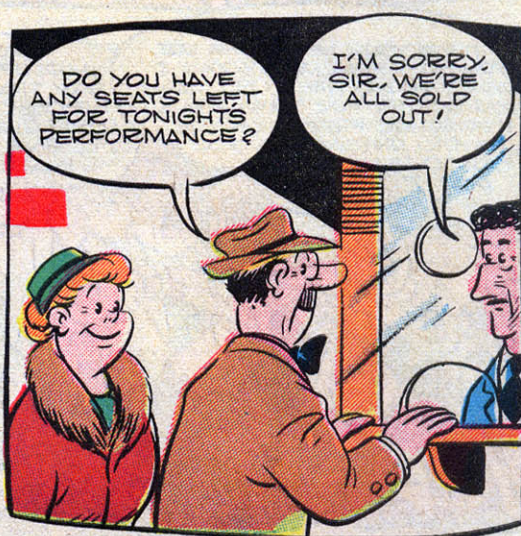
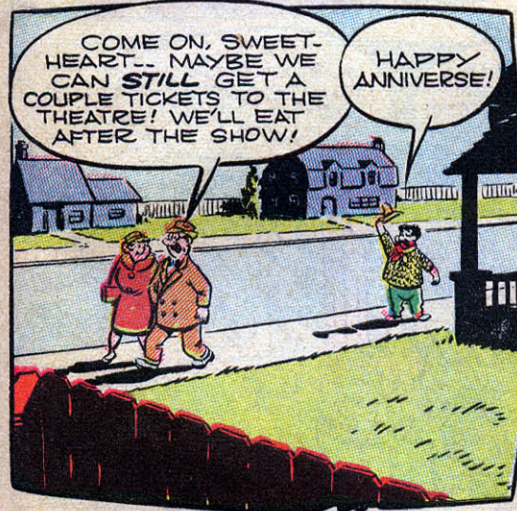
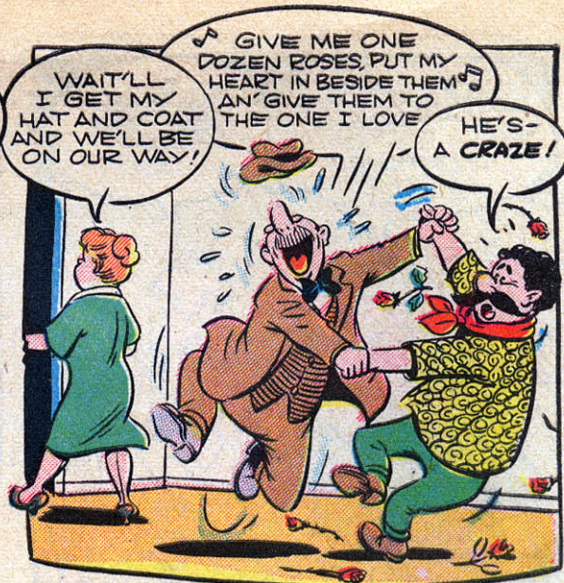


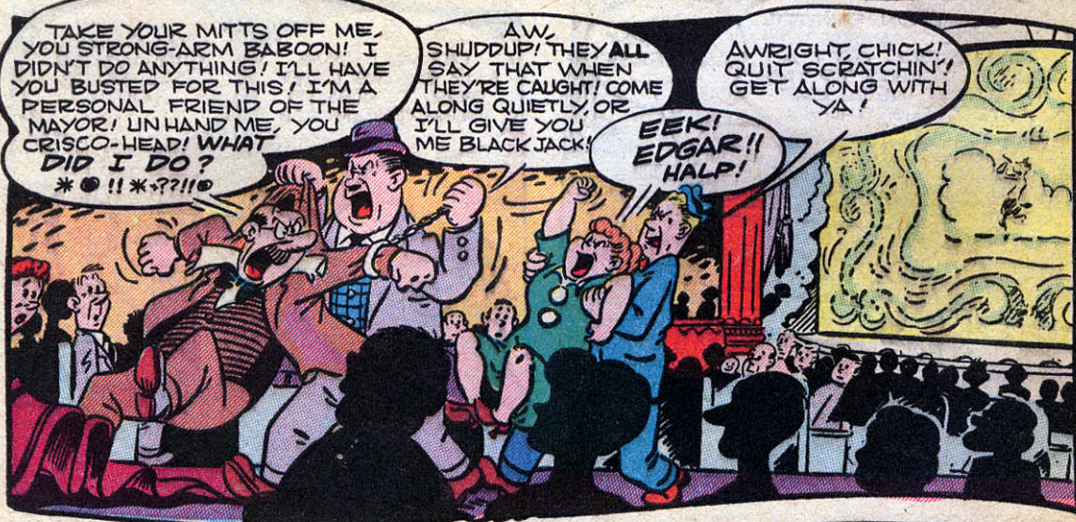
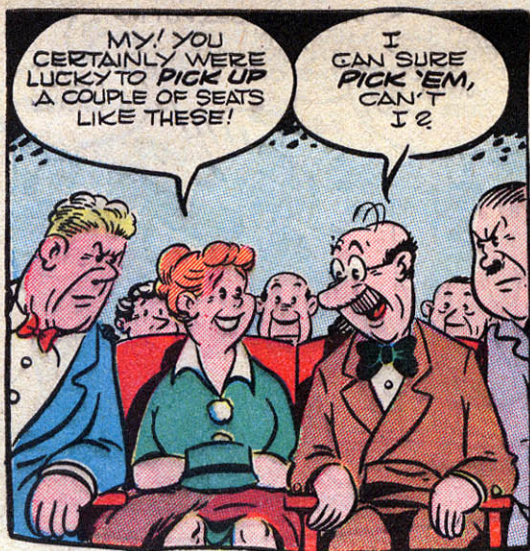


MEANTIME....POP KILROY REPORTS
THE THEFT TO THE POLICE....







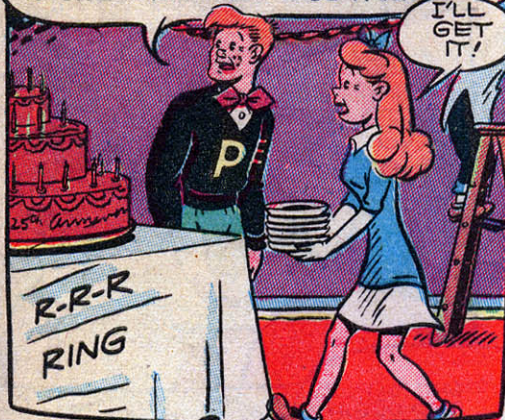


MEANWHILE, KATIE, NATCH and JACKSON ARE PREPARING A SURPRISE PARTY AT THE KILROY HOME!



THERE GOES THE TELEPHONE! I HOPE IT'S NOT MOM AN' POP CALLIN' TO SAY THEY'RE NOT COMIN' HOME-- AFTER WE WENT TO ALL THIS WORK TO GIVE THEM A SURPRISE PARTY!

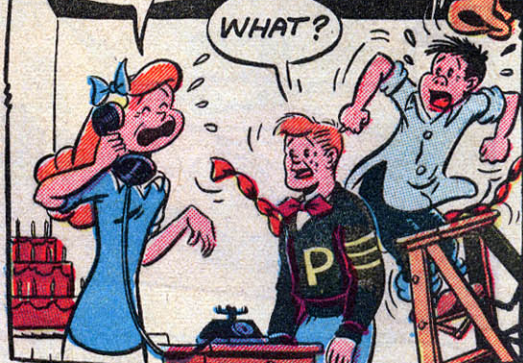
I'LL GET IT!



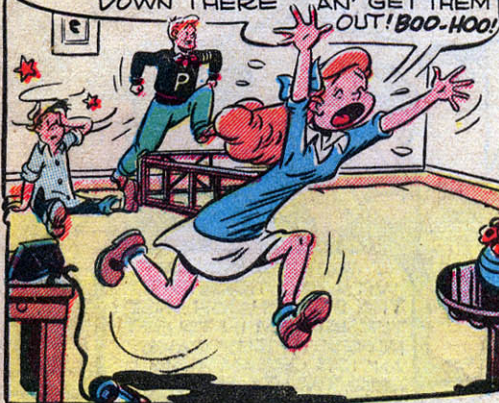
POLICE DEPARTMENT -- HUH? PICK-POCKETS? OHHHHHHHH!

WHO?

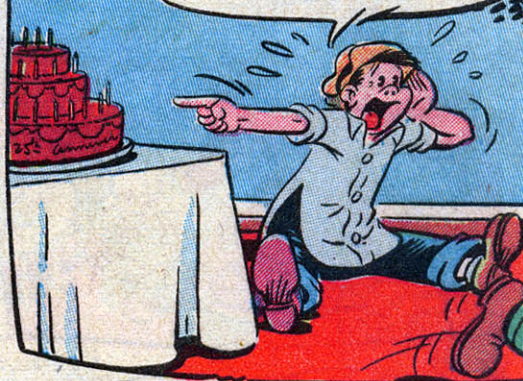
WHAT?



HURRY NATCH! MOM AN' POP ARE IN JAIL FOR PICKIN' POCKETS! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NOT TRUE! OH, POOR MOTHER! WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE AN' GET THEM OUT! BOO-HOO!



HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE ICE CREAM AN' CAKE? IF THEY'RE GONNA SPEND THEIR ANNIVERSARY IN JAIL, THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT!

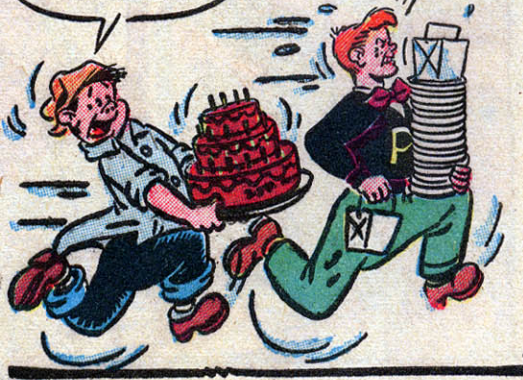


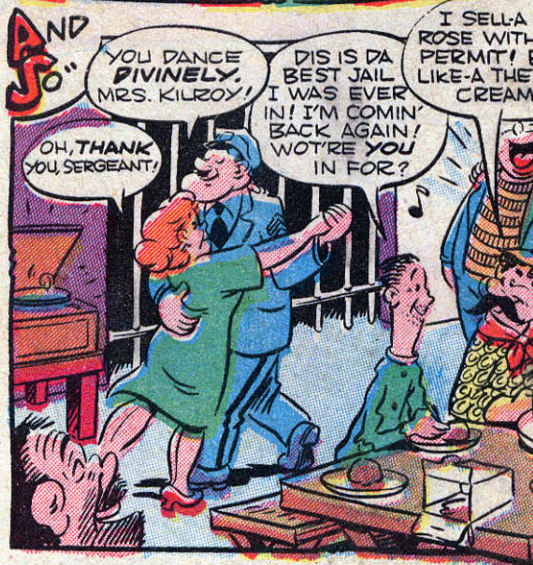
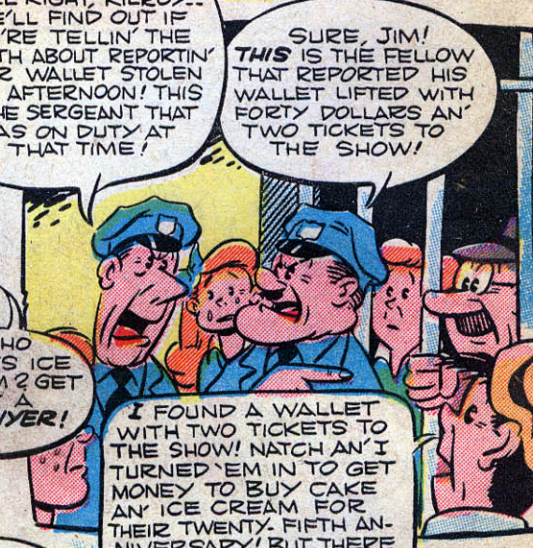
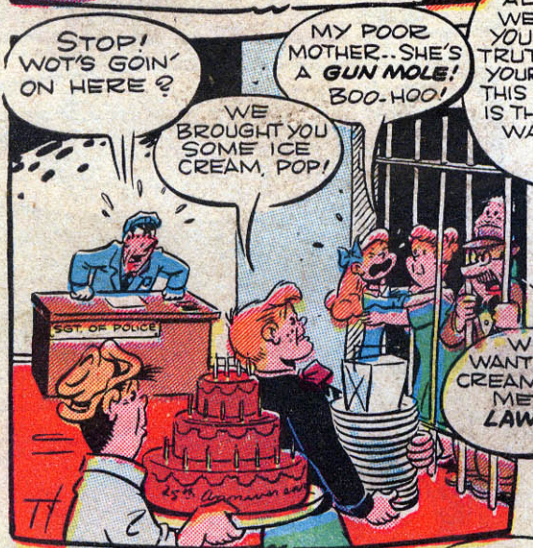
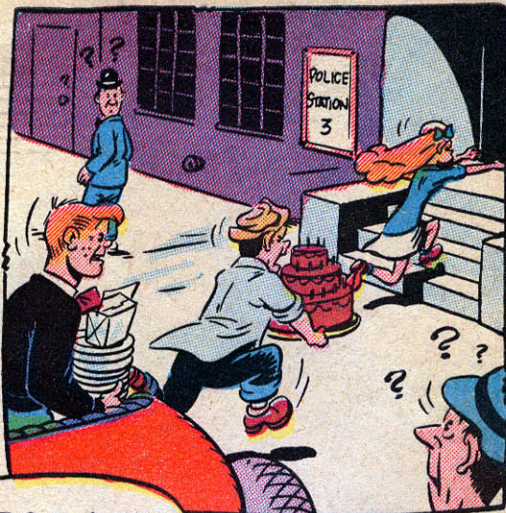
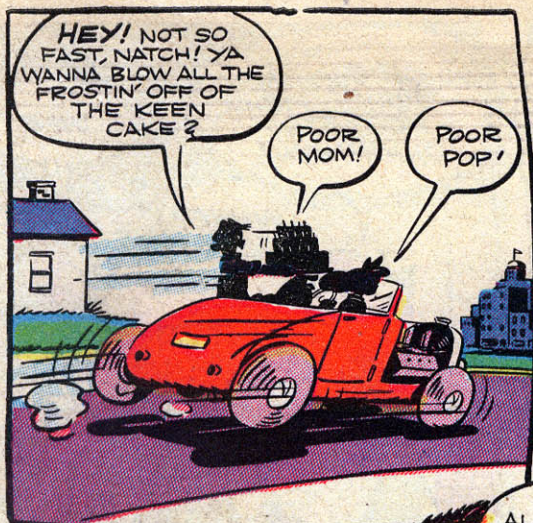
COME ON, GRAB THE ICE CREAM! I'LL TAKE THE CAKE!



GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR FOLKS WERE PICKPOCKETS! ABOUT HOW MUCH DO THEY PICK UP A WEEK?

THEY'RE NOT, YOU FOOL! THERE'S SOME MISTAKE!





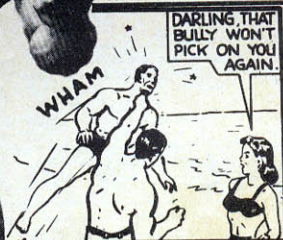
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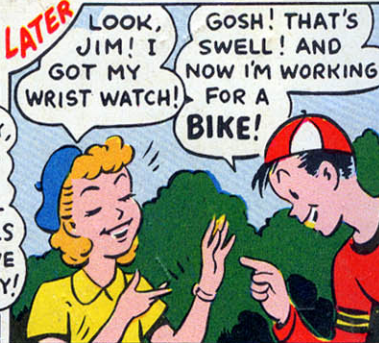
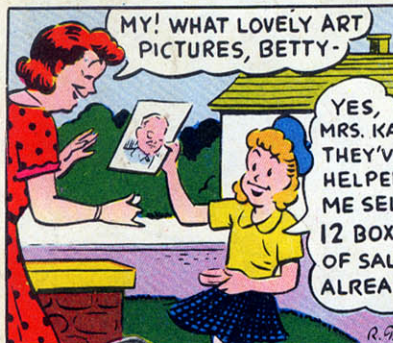
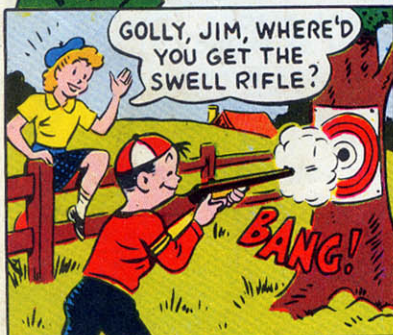
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